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'THE ANGELIC CONVERSATION

AN
R&D Group 28
BY-PRODUCT

OPEN THE BLOODGATE · COIL

COIL first worked on 11th May 1983. The word 'coil' has many separate aspects to it; a DNA coil, a female coil - sex, a noise etc. Coil have released many tracks on compilation cassettes/albums, plus two 12" singles, an album, and a mini-album.

Their first record release was a one-sided 12" single on L.A.Y.L.A.H. Records of Belgium, released on Good Friday 1984. It was described as 'ritual music for the accumulation of male sexual energy'. This 17 minute piece was designed to be played in exclusively male circumstances and was not to be seen as a normal entertaining record release. It can be enjoyed purely as music, but the primary consideration was the mathematical and magickal structure. It is a purely ritualistic piece and consists of gongs, bullroarers and swords. Everything was tied in to strengthen the Martian theme. All the instruments are metal (iron and steel) except for the bullroarers. Five large and five small gongs were used. The bullroarers used are from exclusively male orientated rites of initiation and must never be seen by a woman. They were hand made and decorated with sperm and blood and given names as in the authentic variations of the ritual, e.g. New Guinea, South America. Authentic swords that had been in action were used. The date which the piece was recorded on and the time that was allowed to mix the piece all tied in with the guidelines laid down in order to strengthen the Martian theme, along with the colour of the cover and the number of times the sounds occur in the piece.

These elements and others add up to make something greater than the whole, something that will act on other levels than the physical. The belief and sanctity that you bring to those beliefs, whatever they are, is what triggers the psychic process and makes the ordinary act transcend the barrier of its ordinariness into something else entirely. The workings must be right for the individual. Any ritual can be constructed in any way. The 'Angels' referred to are not necessarily celestial, christian or fallen angels. The title is meant to be like an instruction manual for a seemingly superhuman act, even down to the cover graphics which resemble a text book rather than a record. The b-side of this record, 'Absolute Elsewhere' has the distinction of being completely smooth - devoid of groves. Despite the lack of music, this side has a title, and a concept. It even receives publishing royalties. L.A.Y.L.A.H., in accordance with Belgium's copyright laws even attempted to provide a sample section of the score. Move over John Cage! 'Absolute Elsewhere' being defined as the region of space beyond actual comprehension. Once an individual has accepted and comprehended this idea then it is no longer absolute elsewhere. Therefore it can only be defined by what it is not! The lack of grooves creates a smooth, black, mirror which would be ideal for scrying or astral surveying purposes.

Coil have performed live four times. Once, at the Magenta Club, in London, they performed a fifteen minute piece called 'Silence and Secrecy'. This consisted of amplified insect noises pushed to deafening pitch with violins and other tapes. They used out of phase strobes and smell as added factors. There was a deliberate attempt to create a vacuum, an exercise in 'extended tension', a sense of expectancy that is never fulfilled. The significance of the piece was that nothing happened. Coil were exploring suspended sensations, anticipations. The Japanese apparently place a deeper significance on the sound of the insect than us, which our western developed minds cannot properly comprehend. This was another aspect Coil took into consideration. It was a High Mass for amplified insect noises. An essay in secrecy and exclusivity; at the heart of which there is nothing, the whole point of it all. The fact that the essential mystery is that there is no mystery, the negative heart of it all. The crossing of the abyss via Daath the merging, dissolution of the ego in absolute elsewhere.

Their next main release was the intelligent and inventive album 'Scatology'. The music ranged from the slow, dramatic, 'At The Heart Of It All', to the throbbing, chanting, 'Godhead Deathead'. The music used the process of recording apparently banal sounds and processing them to create momentum within the changing rhythms, in a similar way that the alchemists attempted to turn base matter into gold; a kind of alchemy using sound. The track 'Panic', is a hymn to Pan – a celebration of the liberating aspects of chaos. It's saying create a situation where fear is generated and use the vortex of negative energy to catapult yourself somewhere, to perform psychic surgery on yourself. It's about reclaiming and utilising all aspects of the self, including the provocation and invocation of states of mind generally regarded as negative and therefore usually regarded as useless and to be avoided. The chaos magickian needs no introduction to the beneficial and imaginative use of such triggers – a platform to deeper, more intense exploration, and a greater understanding, insight, into oneself. There are also tracks concerned with the clap, sex, and Californian blood cults.

The next release was a 12" single of 'Tainted Love', coupled with 'Aqua Regis'. and a special re- structured version of 'Panic'. A video for 'Tainted Love' has been produced and features such scenes as John Balance and a cast of a thousand flies, car crashes, hullucinogenic putrefaction, a fleeting appearance of Marc Almond assuming the role of Angel of Death, a view from the grave, and further manifestations of their sick sense of humour.

Their last release, a mini-album with Current 93. was loosely based on and intensely inspired by Lautreamont. It is called 'The Nightmare Culture'. which is the title of a critical study essay of Maldoror. Coil performed, along with Boyd Rice, under the name of 'Sickness of Snakes' for this project. The highlight of their three tracks being 'The Pope Held Upside Down'. a piece of treated pig noises designed to instigate an 'exhilarating delirium of interpretation'.

Their music has been aired recently on Channel 4 on their Super 8 series and also on Derek Jarman's 'The Angelic Conversation'.

Coil believe, and many other people believe that they do, that they have something important to contribute and express. At the risk of sounding clichéd they are fighting back by example. They are attempting to establish a feasible alternative to what music is around and using this method to put across ideas and messages which people might not be subjected to otherwise. They do not feel they have a deviant viewpoint but the self-regulating factor of control will always attempt to 'normalise' the deviant. It doesn't realise that normality is the deviant and that it does not exist. This process and the mechanisms that are at work must be exposed.

Coil are interested in many individuals such as Spare, Dali, etc. It is fundamentally the tradition and the body of knowledge that these people reveal that is the most improtant part of it all. Ancient civilisations used dreams to tell the future. Factors like this are ignored or suppressed as in the building of churches on ancient sites of worship to suppress knowledge of previous beliefs and make current values appear universal.

Misguided Christian missionaries destroying perfectly functioning social orders in order to forcefully impose their own sickening control system; sickness in the form of cloying, stifling Christian type guilt. As always the message being a renunciation of personal responsibility and acceptance and elevation of submission as a good quality. This takes away the concept of personal salva-

tion; one becomes psychially neutered. Salvation being only available to those who place their lives, their souls, in the hands of a privileged few.

People are indoctrinated to be led, to be similar to everyone else. This leads to stagnation and lack of any real progress for humanity. Instead of being themselves people think they must be what society expects and presumes them to be. This conflict is the starting point of many problems. Coil try to set an example, not to preach, but to act and explain and justify everything.

Coil believe that liberation or change is achieved by the mind/imagination and that once a limiting narrow viewpoint has been annihilated then all possibilities can exist.

Coil only presume to be a catalyst, part of an awakening process. It's not that they have any answers but may be able to illustrate that the first step to regaining yourself or a a superior technique to attain liberation is to realise that there is something wrong with the present situation. They do this by isolating and trying to show specific dangers.

COIL INTERVIEW

THE following is a transcript of a Coil interview from VPRO Radio in Holland from February 1985. It gives some background information on Scatology and shows some of the aims and thoughts behind their work in general.

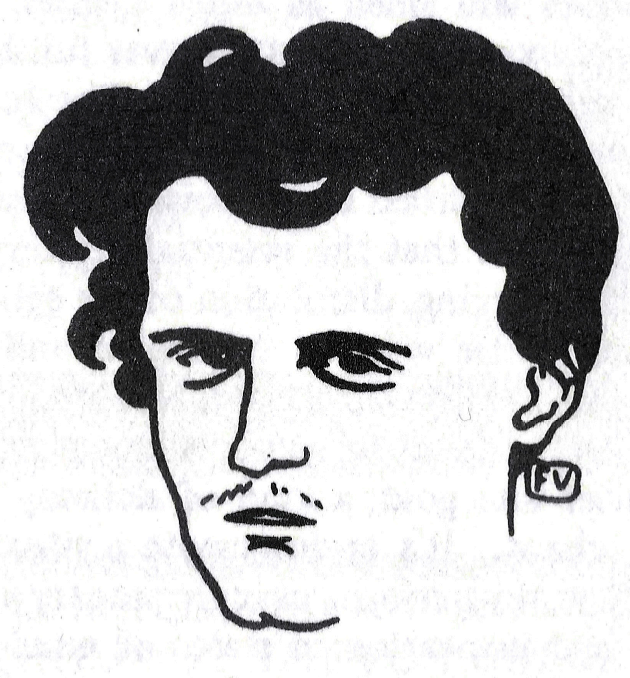
One thing Coil are trying to do, we put it into words, saying it's systematic derangement of the senses, and we feel that through the music, through musical experience, whether it be live which would probably be preferable because of the volume and the intensity you could generate; we're actually trying to release something within the listener. I think it works on some of the tracks but because the LP's a record it's slightly dulled and obviously the intentions never come out quite as you want them and with the intensity you'd like, but we are, we're trying to put people in touch with something of their subconscious and show something of our subconscious in the real state. That's why there's quite a lot of nonsense on the album, but we think it's valuable nonsense.

Maldoror by Lautreamont........

As a book I think it's one of the most important things ever written. It's just we felt it was in keeping with what we were trying to do with 'Scatology', which was what we call neo-surrealism, it's a pretentious word but it's the only way to describe it, people can relate to that maybe. There's a lot of dream images which are taken from things we've been involved in and I keep a dream diary, so every time I wake up in the morning I actually write down the dreams, and then, later on, go back to it and use it as material for songs where we can, and among all these images are actual images that have re-occurred in the past; so we've just linked them together with some of our favourite things and some of the things we think are relevant.

You always need a reference......?

I don't think it always needs a reference. The songs stand up in themselves. It's just we tried to illuminate, or show a contrast to each thing and comment on it in some sort of way. I mean, we've put down technical information, we've put down literary information and quotes which illuminate and strengthen the themes we've taken like Scatology, and the fact that we chose that comes from Dali and from Freud and the fact that in psychiatry and imagery the two, gold and shit are interchangeable; and we don't have to have an explanation for it because the irrationality of it and the fact that there is probably no explanation is what we're interested in. It's totally irrational, totally off the wall and sometimes sinister. And one of the things



Lautremont by Valloton.

I like to talk about is the fact that we are totally for the individual like Psychic TV say. I mean the stuff was written, was co-written, by me and Sleazy, in the first Psychic TV booklet. The individual is incredibly important and every aspect, everything you can do to strengthen the individual vision is terribly important, and I go further, I say that the individual is far more important than the whole and that the only criticism I want to talk about of PTV or any setup like the Temple, or the O.T.O. or any body of people working together as a whole, I think to some extent there's a blurring of intentions, like I say there's colours and when you get so many colours together it mixes into muddy brown. With Coil I want to keep the colours pure, keep the individual things pure. If not, I think the individual vision, whether it's totally off the wall, totally irrelevant, the fact that they've got the strength to carry it through and be a total person is the valuable point.

COO! POPE FOILED

The Pope tried to release two white doves symbolising peace from the rain-swept Vatican yesterday — but the birds refused to leave.

obituary

AUSTIN SPARE, an artist of unusual gifts and attainments and of an even more unusual personality, died on May 15th 1956, in hospital in London at the age of 67.

A dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, he had that complete other-worldliness so often depicted in romantic fiction and so rarely found in real life. Money meant nothing to him. With his talents as a figure draughtsman he might easily have commanded a four-figure income in portraitive, but he elected to live quietly and humbly, rarely going out, painting what he wished to paint, and selling his works at three or four guineas each. Even in outward aspect he conformed to type - with his untidy shock of hair, small imperial, and a scarf instead of a collar. But for most of his life he did not mix in what are called 'artistic circles'. Not Chelsea, Fitzroy Street, Bloomsbury or Hampstead claimed him, but for years a little flat 'in the south suburbs by the Elephant' far removed from the coteries, deep-set in the ordinary life of the people.

Austin Osman Spare was born in Snow Hill, near Smithfield Market, London on December 31 1888, the son of Philip Newton Spare, A City of London policeman. Leaving his elementary school at the age of 13, he took his higher education into his own hands, working not only at art but at general subjects, in particular the occult. He had some formal tuition at the Lambeth School of Art and the Royal College of Art. He was already exhibitioning at the Royal Academy at the age of 16, but in later years ceased to send anything there. In July 1914 he had his first one-man exhibition at the Bailie Gallery, showing a number of his so-called 'psychic' drawings and some very powerful generalizations of animal nature.

Just after the 1914-1918 War Spare became friendly with John Austen and Alan Odle, figure draughtsmen differing considerably from him and from each other, but each having certain aims in common with his. From October 1922 to July 1924 Spare edited, jointly with Clifford Bax, a sumptuosly produced quarterly called the Golden Hind for Chapman and Hall. It collapsed for lack of support, but during its brief career it reproduced in large scale some really superb figure drawings and lithographs by Spare and others. In 1925 Spare, Odle, Austen, and Harry Clarke showed together at the St George's Gallery, and in 1930 at the Godfrey Philips Galleries.

Thereafter Spare was rarely found in the purlieus of Bond St. He would teach a little from January to June, then up to the end of October, would finish various works, and from the beginning of November to Christmas would hang his products in the living-room, bedroom, and kitchen of his flat in the Borough. There he kept open house; critics and purchasers would go down, ring the bell, he admitted, and inspect the pictures, often in the company of some of the models - working women of the neighbourhood. Spare was convinced that there was a great potential demand for pictures at 2 or 3 guineas each, and condemned the practice of asking £20 for "amateurish stuff". He worked chiefly in pastel or pencil, drawing rapidly, often taking no more than two hours over a picture. He was especially interested in delineating the old, and had various models over 70 and one as old as 93.

During the last war, while on fire watching duty, he was blown up and temporarily lost the use of both arms. His memory was also affected, but in 1946 in a cramped basement in Brixton, he began to make pictures again, starting, as he said, from scratch. In 1947 an exhibition of no less than 163 of the pictures he had painted in the previous few months attracted many people to the Archer Gallery, in Westbourne Grove.

Spare's alleged 'automatic' and 'psychic' drawings tended to lack discipline, and were on the whole inferior to his 'straight' work. The last chiefly comprised nudes, which combined strength and delicacy of a high order and have a wonderful three-dimensional feeling. His minute draughtmanship may have owed something to the Pre-Raphaelite influence, though in general his art was much more human and full blooded than that of the 'brethren'. Of his technical mastery there can be no manner of doubt. The collection of his drawings may yet become a cult.

AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE

ONE of the saints in our avenue of respected people. He deliberately rejected social fame and positive position in fashionable society of the time (1920's), in order to remain pure, to remain true to his ideals, to continue his unadulterated methods and lifestyle through the use of his Alphabet of Desire. He practiced a highly controlled and precise form of magick, specifically sexual magick. He attempted to reorganise and systematise his desires, his thought processes along channels and structures of his own engineering. I know of exceptionally few people who have systematically and scrupulously explored the strange terrain of their own subconscious, and even fewer who have brought back the raw stuff of dreams that he modelled his drawing on. He peopled them with the elementals and astral entities he met on his psychic explorations and had the technical genius to bring them to life, to evoke them again for the viewer of the picture.

Books by Spare:

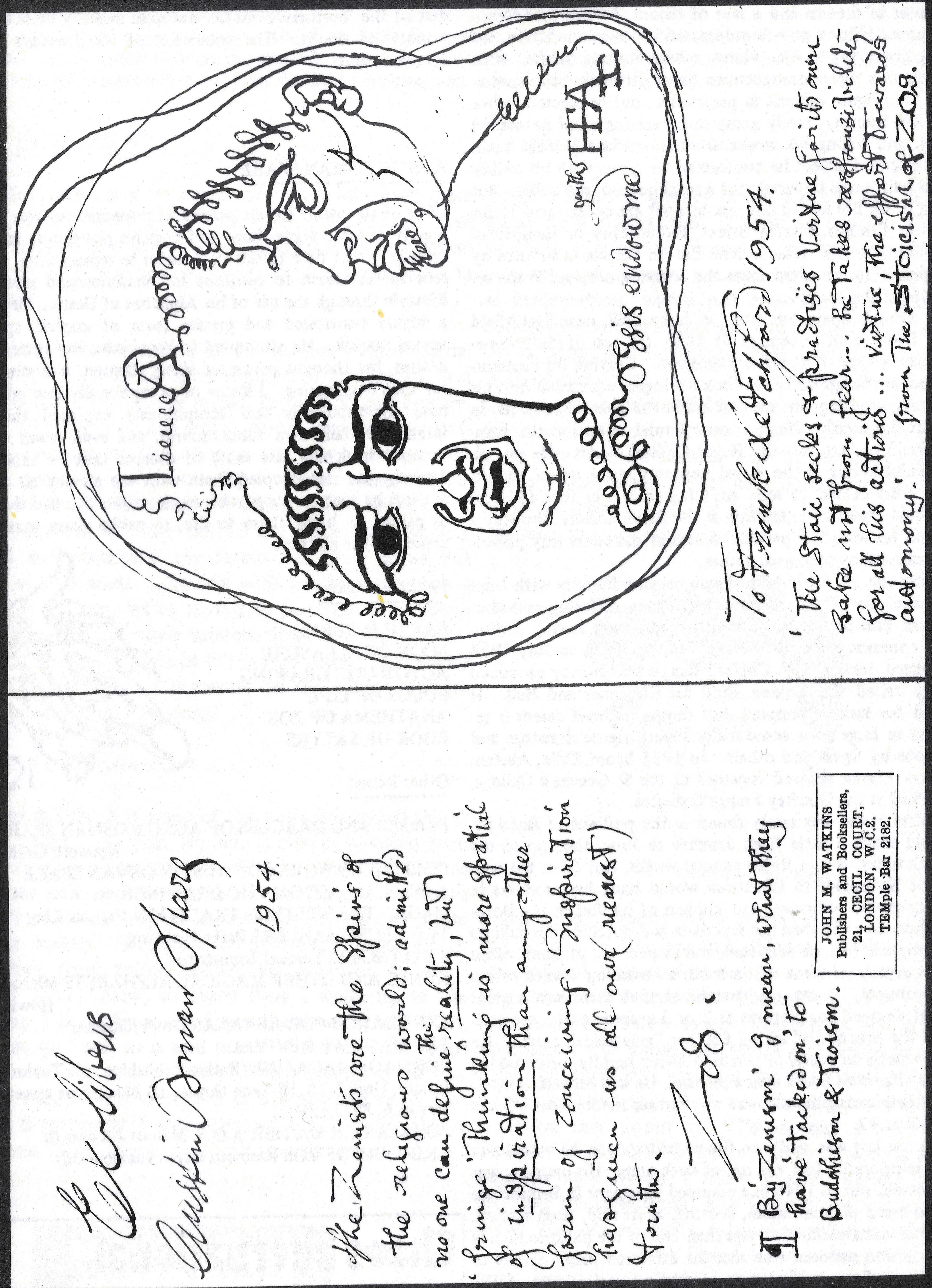
EARTH INFERNO
BOOK OF PLEASURE
AUTOMATIC DRAWING
FOCUS OF LIFE
ANATHEMA OF ZOS
BOOK OF SATYRS

Other items:

IMAGES AND ORACLES OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE Kenneth Grant
COLLECTED WORKS OF AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE
A BOOK OF AUTOMATIC DRAWINGS
MAGIC: THE WESTERN TRADITION Francis King
THE NECROMANCERS Peter Haining
S.S.O.T.B.M.E. Lemuel Johnstone
RUNES AND OTHER MAGICAL ALPHABETS Michael Howard
THE SEARCH FOR ABRAXAS Drury/Skinner
THE MAGICAL REVIVAL
FORMAOS MAGAZINE (Sothis Publishing, c/o Technique Studio, Unit A-10, Hi-Tech House, 10 Blackfriars street, Norwich, NO3 1SF)
ZOS KIA DER MAGIER A.O.S. Marcus Jungkurth
GRIMOIRE OF ZOS Kenneth Grant (unfinished)

Chaos International

You've read the books, now get in on the action. CHAOS INTERNATIONAL pulls everything together. Local and international contacts - in-depth articles by well-known writers - reviews of available and forthcoming publications Chaos art by Spare and others. Large format magazine edited by P D Brown & Ray Sherwin. Sample copy £2.25 inc p&p. Cheques/p.o.s payable to CHAOS. Available from CHAOS, The Hermitage, East Morton, Keighley BD20 5UQ.



PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED SIGIL AND DRAWING BY AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE (COIL COLLECTION)

POSSESSION

"DEAD GROUPS AND DOUBLE TONGUES" -
The Second Possession Album.

"All these characters spend their time explaining themselves, and happily realising they hold the same opinions. Good God, how important they consider it to think the same things all ttogether." - [redacted] "Nausea"

This is about
Whether or not
This is about
Anything.

The group is dead, or struggles against SUBJECT RULING. It's false life shrieks through interviews, revealed in the shortage of words attributable to them alone. Disease of WORD DEFICIENCY. The smell of decay isn't confined to sales success. There is no EXPERIMENT, no head of the spear, no rightful claim to WEIRD word. This warns of the package holiday to NONPOP-slot travelling by independant airline.

"Each time he regained heartbeat and respiration the sometime ritual percussionist and free-form ambient scratch video director screamed 'I am in Hell !'"

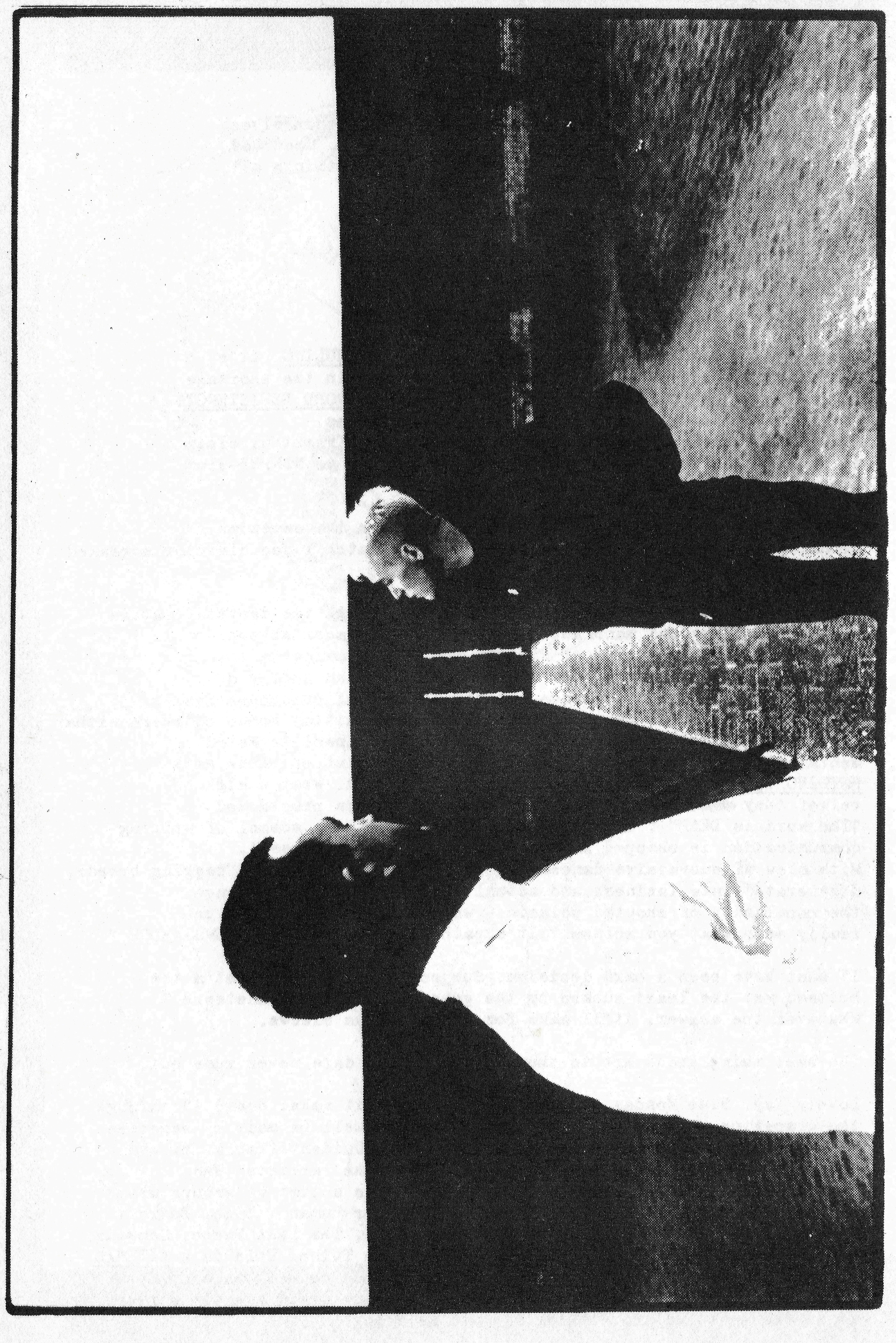
The vast amount of modern music is worthless. With the demystification of the recording and manufacturing process, the most abysmal music can gain the status of RECORD. The drum machine is the eighth deadly sin, which even Possession have been guilty of. The consolation of an audience becomes a curse of preoccupation - our writing filed in unread rows, with the opposition group cadavers either side. Lost amidst fanzines written by primary school arrested mental developers. I suspect that the current glut of bands with NOTHING TO SAY are best served by this treatment. What a sigh of relief they [redacted] heaved when [redacted] writers proclaimed "The Word is DEAD" ! In the post - Cabaret Voltaire school of writing communication is chopped into a series of 'terse phrases'. With slew of subversive dancefloor Wild Planet brain death begging breeds, degenerated into laziness and actual INABILITY to write. Hence the popularity of shouted polemic - who needs language when you really mean what you scream ? It's pathetic - where's the NEWS VALUE ?

It must have been a hard decision. Subject to subject - what's the hottest yet the least sucked by the gobs of the Wild Planeteers ? Whatever the answer, it'll make for a good album sleeve.

The best thing about art to them is the expiry date never runs out.

Lovely Day. Blue Monday. What difference does it make. Heard it through the grapevine - other people's music might as well be made by nameless souls, without a single scrap of information. Unidentifiable. By and large a minor art, populated by dismally mundane 'artists' who one day will cease to exist altogether. Here is a list of groups who simply no longer exist in any form, artistic or human : 10cc, Detroit Spinners, The Who, Echo and the Bunnymen, Hula, The Last Poets, Genesis, New Order, Psychic TV, Style Council, Thompson Twins. This is a LITERAL statement - the people who made up these groups, as well as many others, just do not exist any longer. Gone. At times, being in a group strikes me as the most ludicrous thing I could be doing.

STEPHEN E. THROWER



AMBROSIA TRANSPERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS

A ritual cycle in collaboration with Coil.
Bajo-no-hito: 21/6/85 The Lab, San Francisco.
Kage Hoshi: 26/6/85 Peoples Theatre Coalition, San Francisco.

Performed June 21st and June 26th, 1985, respectively, these two ritual works were intended to raise the first stage of the Magnum Opus (great work) of the Alchemical process. This stage is that of the prima materia (first matter), the chaotic state out of which the universe forms. Psychologically, it is the phase of contrition, of sorrow, symbolized by the forces of putrefaction and decay. The symbols are the black raven, the black sun, the serpent, the underworld, the all devouring Magna Mater (great mother). The purpose of these two rituals was to raise the consciousness of performers and audience into the realm of the black sun. Working with the traditional shamanic pattern of induction into a state of trance, inner quest and the communication of the results of the quest, we entered the alchemical world. The first piece, lit. 'The Horseman', was the taking off on the quest into the land of the black sun, the second work 'Shadowstar' was the symbolic discovery of that dark entity and the channeling of its force along magical lines into the next phase, the whitening phase known in Hermetic philosophy as 'albedo'. That phase will be invoked in a work at the San Francisco Art Institute, curated by Carl Loeffler of Artcom/La Mamelle, in October.

One of the most interesting motifs in these two works was the parallel between the shamanic descent into the underworld and the alchemical dictum: Visita Interiorae Terra, Rectificando Invenenies Occultem Lapidem (Visit the interior of the earth and rectify the hidden stone). The sense of this, is that by entering the realm of the heart and healing the inherent fragmentation therein, one can attain a very high level of awareness. The similarity of this to the classic shamanic healing quest was amply demonstrated in our work with these rituals.

Sources:

C.G. Jung 'Mysterium Coniunctionis' pg 98 (Hardcover ed).
Bernard Trismoisin 'Splendor Solis' pg 60.
Israel Regardie 'The Philosopher's Stone' pg 121 (soft).
Stanisla Klossowski da Rola 'Alchemy: The Secret Art' (illus. from Philosophia Reformata).
James Hillman 'The Dream and the Underworld'
Apuleius 'The Golden Ass' (the passage on the midnight sun of the Mysteries).

A TRANCE DOCUMENT

Received July 11, 1985 by Kristine Ambrosia.

Ritual of the Dark Sun

In ancient times, the ritual of the dark sun was used as an 'anchor' in the lightest and purest of magics. The vestibule a magi must enter in this ritual is conclusive in the dangerous hollowing out of a tunnel or canal to the beginning of all energies. The shadow sun proportionately exudes the distributing factor of magical essence nowhere else derived. In the hollows of the shadow sun, the important piercing and transformational elements of a mystic are put into play. A diligent magician will forecast and place his soul in direct circumference of the shadow of the black sun. In that process the peak eclipse of soul character that one receives is such that one is almost guaranteed never to be tarnished in their hopes for pioneering into the unknown.

The shadow sun is, shall we say, the director of a type of extinction that can only be gained when one is truly willing to give up. From that moment on, one has crossed the line of material forebearance and is bearing the shadow given to those who dare walk into the dark sun. Such a burning and death is an initiative experience that is required in order for one to go into the upper levels.

The emotional side of the ecstatic states created during the ritual of the black sun and in its reformative and transformative phases is very powerful, and based upon a degree of improvidence. One who has chosen to pass through the trials of the major levels, or spheres, descending into the ethereal opposite of the earth must manifest a condition described by St. John of the Cross as 'Hell's leeway'. A certain inner martyrdom must precede the path one sets upon in order to embrace the climactic forms of discipline needed for such a venture. From the onset, one is pushed into a neurotic state caused by the tension and 'stretch' found in the energized pressure of such a deceleration from earth to underworld. There are three major layers the initiate must pierce in order to get to the first door of underworld existence. The first is characterized by a vacuous nullification of the ego. The second is proven by maximum inner stress caused by the 'stretching and elasticity' the person needs to undergo a major transformation. The third is characterized by a feeling of both discovery and loss, much nearer to what one today terms the manic/depressive syndrome.

The main danger is that of the entire system shutting off during the time of intense transformation. The major discovery during this period of emotional onslaught is that much like enlightenment in Zen Buddhism, one is the same yet notably changed, in both interior and exterior 'melting'. The shadow side is based on a disruptive nature. It manifests a timeless series of external problems moved and manipulated by extreme inner change.

One must be geared for a shadow pull across the lightest side of existence, much like the effect of an eclipse upon the earth. The greatest dangers occur during the fullest portion of the shadow. Once must be watched and walk very gingerly during that time, moreover, the risk of such a venture should be taken only by an individual already initiated and prepared in the magical, mediumistic arts. Entering the shadow side is like the ultimate hulling of a being. The lantern at the end of such a tunnel would be similar to what St. John of the Cross describes as the day after the night. Emotionally speaking, it is when the individual reconciles the energy of the universe's dark side and his own and after such sights and experiences, brings himself to the morning again.

The underside journey induces rapid transformation and even a rapid breaking down of the body type into the next. One would say the journey into the dark sun can only be undertaken by a subject who has many psychic layers, many incarnations. The journey to the dark side is cyclic in nature, so one should make at least marginal restitution to the body. A definite time should be set aside to strengthen the resistance and endurance of the body. There should be twice as much rest as strengthening. A testimony recorded in the book of Job speaks about this problem of restitution for the body. Speaking in terms of the universal law of retribution and balance, the shedding of one life exposes a very vulnerable sheath of fast forming neurons. At this time, the brain area and effects should be researched. There is also great effect in the intestinal area, of a dehydrating nature. The need for copious water must be met. The aquatic mental obsession is that of an individual archetypically passing over the sea of changes. The generation of energy during this process is very similar to that of a recoiling spring. A call for rehabilitation is in order. One must realize that the whole process of the ritual of the dark sun is one of refining. It draws out the bulk within the subtle body and thus appears to produce chaos. Attention upon a pearl within a black setting is quite exquisite and mandatory at this time.

THE FORMAT OF THE RITUALS:

Bajo-no-hito.

The Setting:
A 10' high red, white, and black, 3 sided pyramid placed between two 7' high black monitor stands. In the foreground, a large metallic 'coffin' equipped with computer graphics pad. The left side beyond the monitor stand is occupied by a Japanese style cloth screen and a drum.

The First Action:
Kristine, with headphone mic patched into a delay and harmonizer bank is suspended for 10 minutes upside down on the pyramid.

The Second Action:
She is removed from the pyramid whilst in deep trance, and led over to the screen area to dance. Monte Cazzaza, Fakir Musafar, and Eric Love are placed upside down on the pyramid and slowly spun.

The Third Action:
Kristine is brought into the 'coffin' and given the graphics pad. The IBM pc has been programmed in such a manner that she merely needs to run her finger across the pad in order to generate a graphics/sound display.

The Fourth Action:
After 10 minutes of spinning around on the pyramid, Eric, Monte, and Fakir, are brought down and allowed to lay in trance. Eric elects to have his chest 'redlined'. i.e. deeply cut in order to provide blood for Kristine's painting. Kristine is led to the screen, handed painting implements; she documents her inner journey with blood and black dye. The ritual concludes with the background music (provided by Karl Konnerth and Rick Reneau) slowly dying down.

Kage Hoshi:

The Setting:
Three cloth screens in a semi-circle. Behind the left screen is Monte Gazzaza on a witches cradle, a device which rotates in a circle, used to induce loss of equilibrium and trance effects. Slide projectors behind the centre screen create images of Japanese ink drawings. Behind the right-hand screen, Tim O'Neill and Cynthia Witkin (Joel-Peter Witkin's wife) recreate the prenuptial force feeding ceremonies found in the South Pacific and North Africa, a representation of the all devouring Mother. The three sided pyramid from the last performance is found to the right of Cynthia and Tim, and the computer and opaque projector table is located in the immediate foreground, right in front of the first row of seats.

The First Action:
Kristine and Fakir's assistant Diana places sharpened metal rods into Fakir via an apparatus known as a 'Kavandi' - a metal frame used in India during religious festivals by ascetics eager to prove their devotion to Shiva. When finished placing the thirty odd spears into Fakir's stomach, chest, and back, he begins a dance, first in front of the centre screen, then behind it, as a silhouette. Whilst he is dancing, Kristine is suspended upside-down for 10 minutes on the pyramid. Eric Love is placed in a stationary version of the Kavandi, and the spears are vigorously shaken.

The Second Action:
Whilst Kristine and Fakir have been entering their respective spheres, Monte has begun to be slowly turned, and Cynthia has begun force-feeding Tim. These actions continue in harmony with Fakir and Kristine for the duration of the piece (nearly one hour). Kristine is removed from the pyramid, given a moment to rest and then led to the opaque projector/computer table. There, whilst still in trance, she creates lightening effects over the three screens with water, oil, and plastic cut-out shapes, along with the computer programme.

The Third Action:
As the tableaus continue, Kristine is led to the centre screen where she concludes in traditional fashion by painting her journey with strong black dye on the fabric.

JOURNAL

June 15th.
Having spent a couple of weeks researching the Black Sun, I've come to a working definition for this project: it represents the alchemical conjunction of opposites, the male and solar, and the underworld and matriarchal. It is both a symbol of androgyny and chaos, however it precedes the whitening phase in alchemy, the cleansing of the subconscious in preparation for the experience of anamnesis - the memory of the true self. Kristine and I have concluded that there is a strong intuitive aura of the South Pacific around this ritual. The sense is that the old magical forces of the sunken Pacific continent of Lemuria were somehow linked to the transforming force of the Black Sun. We recalled a very strong visionary experience that I had had on the way to a performance in 1982, wherein I saw a large octopus astride a pyramidal temple at the bottom of the Pacific ocean. The feeling of being at the bottom of the sea and of being in the darkness of the underworld do seem strongly related on the intuitive level.

June 16th.
3:00 A.M. Sharp! I wake up in the middle of the night, with the feeling that I have to take a look in a certain book on alchemy. My subconscious has stored something and it won't let me sleep until I placate it. I pick up Klossowski da Rola's 'Alchemy: The Secret Art'. There, in a reproduction from 'Philosophia Reformatatis' the perfect image of the Black Sun. It also confirms my suspicion that the sense of the undeworld that we are working with is the specific realm of Hades, signified by the skeleton. In shamanic symbolism, the removal of flesh allows the shaman to ascend into the celestial realm of the sun. Paradoxically we seem to be ascending into the underworld!

June 19th, 11:30 A.M.
On a whim I stop in a bookstore in downtown San Francisco, and I'm very surprised to discover Miguel Serrano's 'Nos: The Book of Resurrection'. Serrano was a friend of C.G. Jung and Hermann Hesse, and was very active in the study of Alchemy and Hermetic Philosophy with them. This particular book is built entirely around the imagery of the Black Sun, the Golden Sun, and the Green Ray. Thus, I discover that the guiding, mediating, and protecting, force during this ritual should be involved with the green ray. Having worked before during Rose-Croix rituals with Al-Khidr, the 'Green robed man' of Islamic lore, I again invoke his presence as representative of the green ray (associated with the fourth, or heart, chakra, the healing ray and the scintilla vitae or spark of life).

June 21st, the night of the first performance.
Over the past three days, I have realized the significance of the sun-devouring serpent from Norse mythology, Ragnarok. Serpents are symbols of the Great Mother, who is also associated with the underworld, so a feminine element has entered to balance the strongly solar and masculine energies with which we have been working so far. Given the usual pre-performance confusion, it seems strangely quiet tonight. Time is dilating, I have to keep checking my watch, for everything seems to take too long. Tonight we are merely opening the door, next wednesday we will cross the threshold into the land of the Black Sun. My subjective impressions revolve around a land of ice, green-white lights hovering over the crowd; the sense of chaos lifts and we seem to be at the middle of the hurricane. I am mostly aware of the drum I am beating, everything seems to be moving so slowly. Suddenly it's over, even though it lasted over 35 minutes. As I'm collecting my wits, I realize that I've been given the first signal, or key, to the psychic plane we need to enter next week – an inverted dark red triangle with a black disk in the middle and the tail eating ouroboros serpent coiled around it. John Balance has suggested that he will 'transmit' such images psychically during their first half of the ritual, I am anxious to see how close I came.

June 22nd to June 25th.
The following days move like a blur, there is a tremendous amount of work, and the general consensus was that the first working was magically and artistically successful, yet a certain malaise pervades, I realize it is simply the effect of entering the area of the subconscious known as the underworld, so I throw myself into work. I am also preparing for a very difficult personal working, a re-enactment of a South Pacific pre-nuptial custom. In certain areas of North Africa and the South Pacific Basin, before a woman can be properly married, she must conform to the established standards of beauty and prosperity by undergoing a period of seclusion in a 'fattening hut', where she is amply fed for varying lengths of time according to the wealth and prestige of her parents. The whole symbolism of food and the sacred wedding has been a vital part of my own artworks for two decades, and now I feel I am reaching a personal and artistic climax to all that research and work. I will undertake the role of the 'bride', with Cynthia Witkin (Joel -Peter Witkin's wife) taking the role of the initiatrix and 'feeder'. My moods vary from great anticipation to absolute dread, but the show must go on!

June 26th: the second performance.
This show is technically much more complicated, and the pressure is intense during the day-long preparations, so by the time we are a half hour until the show, I am already exhausted, however, happily passive to what is about to occur. I dress in green robe, long red wig, and white tights, I recline behind a screen and Cynthia begins force feeding. The dominant sensation is emptiness, the sheer vacancy of matter. Her face strangely transfigures in the dark lighting into the face of a five thousand year old priestess reborn. The light in her aura is extraordinary, a strange 'brown' that I have never seen before. The mood is languid, sinking, I sense an ancient land where time never passes, lizard guardians beckon me to a temple, where I give the password, and am granted what I sort, the key to the next aeon; the green rectangle with black skeleton superimposed. He is my new guide. Again, time dilates, and what was over an hour seems like fifteen minutes. I am totally drained, left with an anti-pleroma (fullness!) in the middle of surfeit. Yet, I know above all that all of us made a passage that night to another world. The air outside the building was cold and crisp, the stars twinkling brightly, the 'tunnel' had been sealed with the green ray, we have emerged into a different universe. That seems the best that art can attain to in this or any other w

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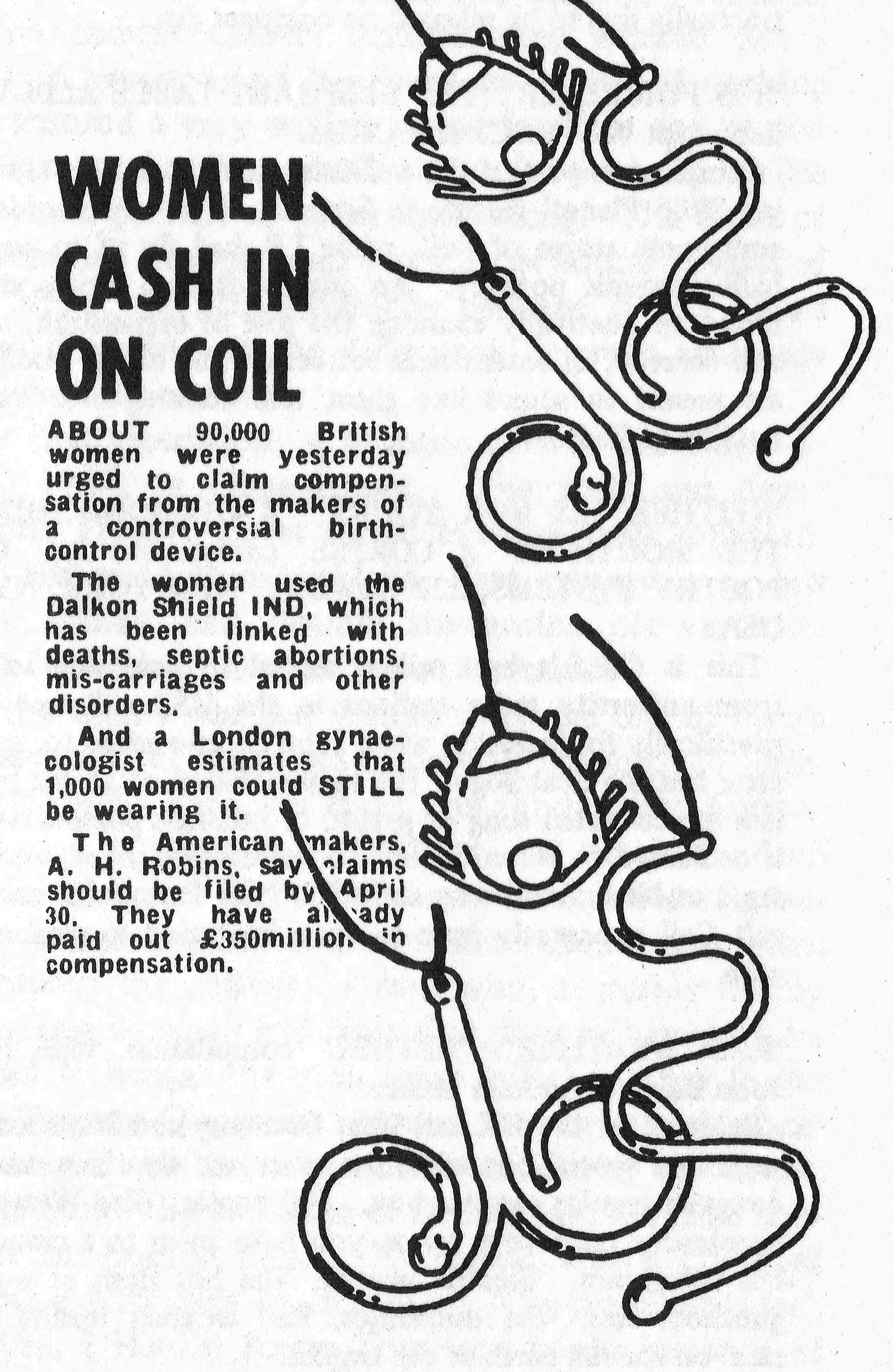


WOMEN CASH IN ON COIL

ABOUT 90,000 British women were yesterday urged to claim compensation from the makers of a controversial birth-control device.

The women used the Dalkon Shield IND, which has been linked with deaths, septic abortions, mis-carriages and other disorders.

And a London gynaecologist estimates that 1,000 women could STILL be wearing it.

The American makers, A. H. Robins, say claims should be filed by April 30. They have already paid out £350million in compensation.

COMPILATION TRACK INFORMATION

'HIS BODY WAS A PLAYGROUND FOR THE NAZI ELITE' aka 'A MAN CALLED HORST': 'OHRENSAUSEN' compilation lp. DOM, AM HAARBERG 26, 5100 AACHEN, WEST GERMANY.

This was recorded with Boyd Rice at the 'Nightmare Culture' sessions. We perversely wanted to have a track released that would almost instantly be virtually impossible to obtain. The record was sold out prior to release so this was achieved. The limited pressing (300 only) is usual with DOM.

'RESTLESS DAY': 'DEVASTATE TO LIBERATE' compilation lp. YANGKI RECORDS, 93 CURRENT 93, BM WOUND, LONDON WC1N 3XX.

All proceeds from this go to the Animal Liberation Front. We developed this pre-Scatology backing tape when approached by Yangki Records. The original version was much rawer/abrasive and we plan to rework the song for release at some point. This is a harmelodic pop song partly about broken will, emotional repression and about everyday small scale hatred and frustrations. It also features a very well known singer on guitar!

'THE WHEEL': 'IF YOU CAN'T PLEASE YOURSELF YOU CAN'T PLEASE YOUR SOUL' compilation lp. SOME BIZARRE, 17 ST ANNES COURT, LONDON W1.

Despite appearing after Scatology this was to be the first official Coil release. A pure pop song and why not! A celebration of release and potential, an opening and widening of horizons. An alchemical love song dedicated to Leon, a 'lost boy', a former rent boy who has become a bright symbolic star in Coil's firmament. This generates royalties for us in Canada and is contractually due to be released on compact disc.

'S IS FOR SLEEP': 'THE ELEPHANT TABLE ALBUM' compilation lp. X–TRACT RECORDS.

Compiled as part of the well-intentioned but horribly ghettoising 'Wild Planet' feature in Sounds. This was recorded in the embryonic stages of Coil, while J.B. had flu of an unnaturally hallucinogenic potency. An ode to drifting illness and an attempt to poetically examine the role of exhaustion, of silence and secrecy, of intentional reticence. The barely audible lyrics are meant to sound like ghost talk crossing over the radio - raudive or Radio 4.

'NEITHER HIS NOR YOURS': 'A DIAMOND HIDDEN IN THE MOUTH OF A CORPSE' compilation lp. GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS, 222 BOWERY, NEW YORK, NY 10012, USA.

This is G.P.S.'s best selling record to date due to support from university radio stations in the USA. It was recorded specifically for inclusion when John Giorno asked for something after hearing Scatology. It's vaguely based on an old hymn and is a mescalinated song of praise, of infantile possessiveness, and is dedicated to Brion Gysin. The album was prestigiously premiered at New York's top nightclub 'The Palladium' and as a result Coil apparently have an open invitation to perform at the club.

'RED WEATHER': 'BETHEL' compilation tape (deleted). John Balance/Andreas Muller.

Released in the UK and West Germany simultaneously. Half were in a special box while the other half were in a rancid green designed regular cassette box. 500 copies. Red Weather is the murderous oppressive sweat you have prior to a cloudburst in the subtropics. Electric mania. The hot flash of a machete, gunshots from the outhouses. Red weather results in a red rain on the red earth of the tropics.

'DREAM PHOTOGRAPHY': 'PEYRERE' compilation cassette. Robin Aspel, 47 Astonville St, Southfields, London SW18 5AW.

No more than a tinkling, mildly irritating toy piano treatment plus Kodak pulsenoises. It is Coil's description of the laborious and highly accomplished technique of advanced dream recall - lucid dreaming - the same degree of recall from dreamscapes that the conscious mind affords everyday experience. Even more enhanced in certain cases as the memory is more than sensory, is perhaps psychic - hypersensory and has an emotional weight. The booklet contains extracts from the 'Dream Diary of J.B.' plus two photos; one of the paranoia-critical object known as the 'Antelope Hoover' and one of a Mexican clay figure from the Festival of Death celebrations. A skeletal marriage.

ALSO:

'HOMAGE TO SEWAGE': 'LIFE AT THE TOP' compilation lp. THIRD MIND RECORDS, 20 SPIRE AVENUE, TANKERTON, WHITSTABLE, KENT CT5 3DS.

'SICKTONE': 'THE FIGHT IS ON' compilation lp. LAYLAH ANTI–RECORDS, 68 Rue J. Bassem, 1160 Brussels, Belgium.

'HERE TO HERE (DOUBLE HEADED SECRET)': 'THE BEAST 666' compilation cassette. NEKROPHILE RECORDS' P O BOX 79, 1080 VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

'TRANSPARENT' cassette. ZOS KIA/COIL material. NEKROPHILE RECORDS.

'NEVER': 'LESS THAN ANGELS' compilation cassette. MATTHEW STEVENS, 92 GUILDFORD PARK AVENUE, GUILDFORD, SURREY, GU2 5NN.

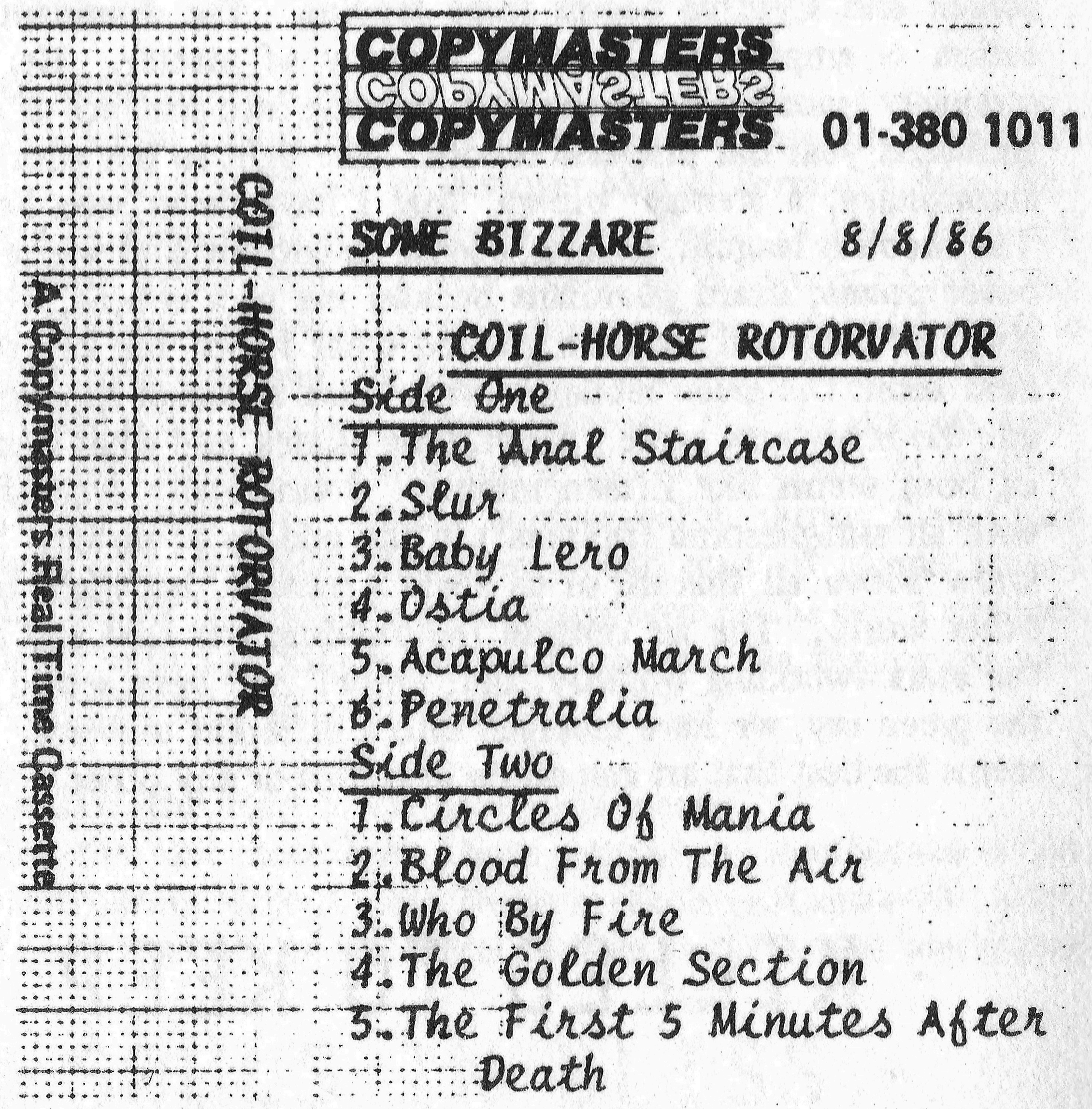
OTHER RECORDS:

'SCATOLOGY' lp. K.422/FORCE & FORM' 166 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W1.

'PANIC' 12" single. K.422/FORCE & FORM.

'THE NIGHTMARE CULTURE' mini lp with Current 93. Performed under the name 'Sickness of Snakes'. LAYLAH ANTI–RECORDS.

'HOW TO DESTROY ANGELS' 12" single. LAYLAH ANTI–RECORDS.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1. The Anal Staircase
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1. Circles Of Mania
2. Blood From The Air
3. Who By Fire
4. The Golden Section
5. The First 5 Minutes After Death

· CIRCLES OF MANIA · COIL ·

JOHN FARE

JOHN Charles Fare was born in 1936 in Toronto, Ontario. These exciting facts were always made available to members of his audience, for whose benefit Fare's birth certificate was always displayed under glass at the entrance to each of the theatres where, over the years, he conducted his 'appearances'. Portions of this document have been blatantly deleted, a circumstance which, in light of Fare's own highly edited state, I find very suggestive. It is more than simple tidiness, I think. As a theatre programme, it seems quite perfect. It says: 'I went fishing once, but tonight I cannot do that.'

Fare attended Forest Hill Collegiate in Toronto, and in 1959 came to London, where for a time he remained as an imperfect student at the Bartlett School of Architecture. Disapponted, he left London for Copenhagen. Owing to his financial independence, a condition from which he was never perfectly relieved, he was free to spawn novelties, including the first of his 'appearances'. The notable events of his tirocinium are perhaps less well known than they ought to be. Nor are facts concerning this or any other period of Fare's career as generously imparted as one might be led to expect by an organization calling itself the John Fare Vital Information Bureau, West 56 Street, New York. A vital telephone call which I put through to them early this morning yielded nothing beyond the swirly gobblings of a certain 'Jenkins' who, possibly owing to the distance, resembled a ventriloquist in a Waring Blender, and an unidentified preadamite whose continual laughter sounded like pieces of iron thrown in a bathtub. As publicity agents, they are just one step ahead of the Tarbaby.

I have nevertheless been told by others that Fare's earliest 'appearance' gestures consisted in the public removal of his clothing, accompanied at times by such trimmings as the pressing of 'his bare arse' against the street-level windows of particularly genteel restaurants. These high deeds nearly always led to his arrest and/or hospitalization, if only because it never, apparently, occurred to him to avoid consequences, however predictable or unpleasant. One might almost fancy that in these stunts, however amusing or informal, it is not impossible to discern a tinge of masochism as well as the slightly feminine tendencies to discard things and extort medical attention. (Any woman, for example, will throw away an arrowhead collection, and a survey conducted in 1968 indicated that in Harley Street 91 per cent of the customers are women.)

After a brief spell in the bughouse, Fare was again arrested when, early one morning, a frightfully Danish police constable found it impossible to ignore Fare's curious treatment of a parked motorcar. Fare had in fact already spent several hours fastening random objects to the vehicle in question with epoxy resin. These included: golf balls, milk bottles, brooms, unopened tins of food, one dead cat, his own clothes, old gramophone records, dozens of biros, and over a hundred forks and spoons. While Fare sat quietly in the local stationhouse, the police officer waited patiently for the owner of the car to arrive so that it could be explained that a known lunatic had unfortunately made him the target of vandalism, but had been apprehended and would be charged as soon as the victimized motorist would be good enough to sign a formal charge. However, when the owner did turn up after an hour or so, he appeared not to notice anything. When pressed by the astonished officer, he suddenly declared that he thought that there was something different and appeared to be highly entertained. He immediately arranged Fare's release and introduced himself: Golni Czervath, who was a cybernetic inventor, electronics wizard, and an accomplished musician. Together they began, almost at once, to develop a robotic operating table, consisting of two robots (each with two flexible hands), attached to the table, beneath which was located a power source and an ingeniously controlled programming system. Assisted by the painter Gilbert Andoff, they worked out a series of programmed 'appearances', which, if nothing else, ensured a very settled career for Fare and an end to the sort of trifling which had so far coloured his life and which parents so often find vexing. The series of amputations thus planned was still, of course, a kind of strip show; yet the difference between it and Fare's earlier disrobings is the difference between sculpture and election posters.

The first operation, a lobotomy, was presented in June, 1964, in Copenhagen. The time and day - 8.30pm, Friday - never varied in subsequent appearances. His mind thus abridged, Fare was more or less proof against any doubts concerning his vastation which he might otherwise have entertained.

By the time I was last invited to attend one of Fare's appearances - at the Isaacs Gallery in Toronto, 17 September 1968 - Fare was short one thumb, two fingers, eight toes, one eye, both testicles, and several random patches of skin. Each of these scraps had been replaced by a bizarre metal or plastic facsimile, so that when he entered the gallery - a man who, in purely fleshly terms, was so small and faint that, thus refurnished, he seemed to beggar the customary initial enquiry in the game Twenty Questions - several memories were coaxed forward all at once: brass monkeys in winter, 'A Rebours'. the whittling of Dr Moreau, the final condition of Bonny Parker, Nathanael West's curtailed heroes, a bird cage in Bradbury, 'Captain Carpenter', 'Johnny, I Hardly Knew You'. and in the instance of the thumb, an eloquent rejoinder to Nazi bad taste in the field of interior decoration.

That night in Toronto, his entire right hand, previously unmolested, was scheduled to run out of luck. The

gallery was hung with Andoff's huge, faintly Transylvanian murals. Andoff and Czervath assembled the operating table and its adjuncts in front of the audience, putting the whole thing together 'from scratch'. Fare stood perfectly still in one spot, smiling vacantly while lazy blonde spotlights grazed slowly about the ceiling, as if in response to reports of leftover Messerschmitts, harmless in their old age, ever so simple to catch.

At length, Fare lay down upon the assembled table, and his two assistants strapped a number of tiny microphones up and down his flesh, so that the highly amplified sound of his pulse, breathing, and mutilation, could be laid on at will. At first, before the robots began the actual surgery, it sounded like whale music. Andoff and Czervath stepped into another room, and, as the four hands of the robots began all at once to move very energetically above the weird table and its stylized cargo, I was reminded for a moment of a xylophone recital I and a girl named Nellie had gone to about ten years earlier on the planet Neptune. Her last name was something like Fisher, only it wasn't Fisher.

One metal hand gave Fare an injection, paused, and began in concert with the other three to perform exactly as one imagines a competent surgeon and an assistant would. Alarmingly coloured lights began now to emanate from the robots themselves as they continued the job. Plague shades flooded the room, lurid crash pigments, a filthy Dallas crimson, shabby leper mud, a kind of frayed porky one, and a truly horrifying yellow that Winsor & Newton knew nothing about. The absurdly amplified noise of the bone-sawresembled huge panting elephant death yells played backward on too many tape recorders. People blacked out here and there, a few more during the sutures.

The operation over, one metal claw abruptly raised the hand and wagged it about horribly for a few seconds, as one would a found purse everyone had been searching for in a large field. It then placed the hand in a jar of alchohol, which Andoff, reappearing with the houselights, carefully labelled and placed on a table next to the birth certificate. 'What larks!' a pretty girl of about seventeen said. Fare was wheeled into another room and three days later travelled by rail to New York.

'Dying is an art like everything else.' Since the evening I have described, Fare has made six appearances in various cities. Much of his audience has from the very start consisted of a hard core of mainly professional, mainly middle-aged people waiting patiently for the masterstroke. The date of that event has always been kept very secret.

They'll applaud until their tickets tear up the ushers.

Fundamental Duality

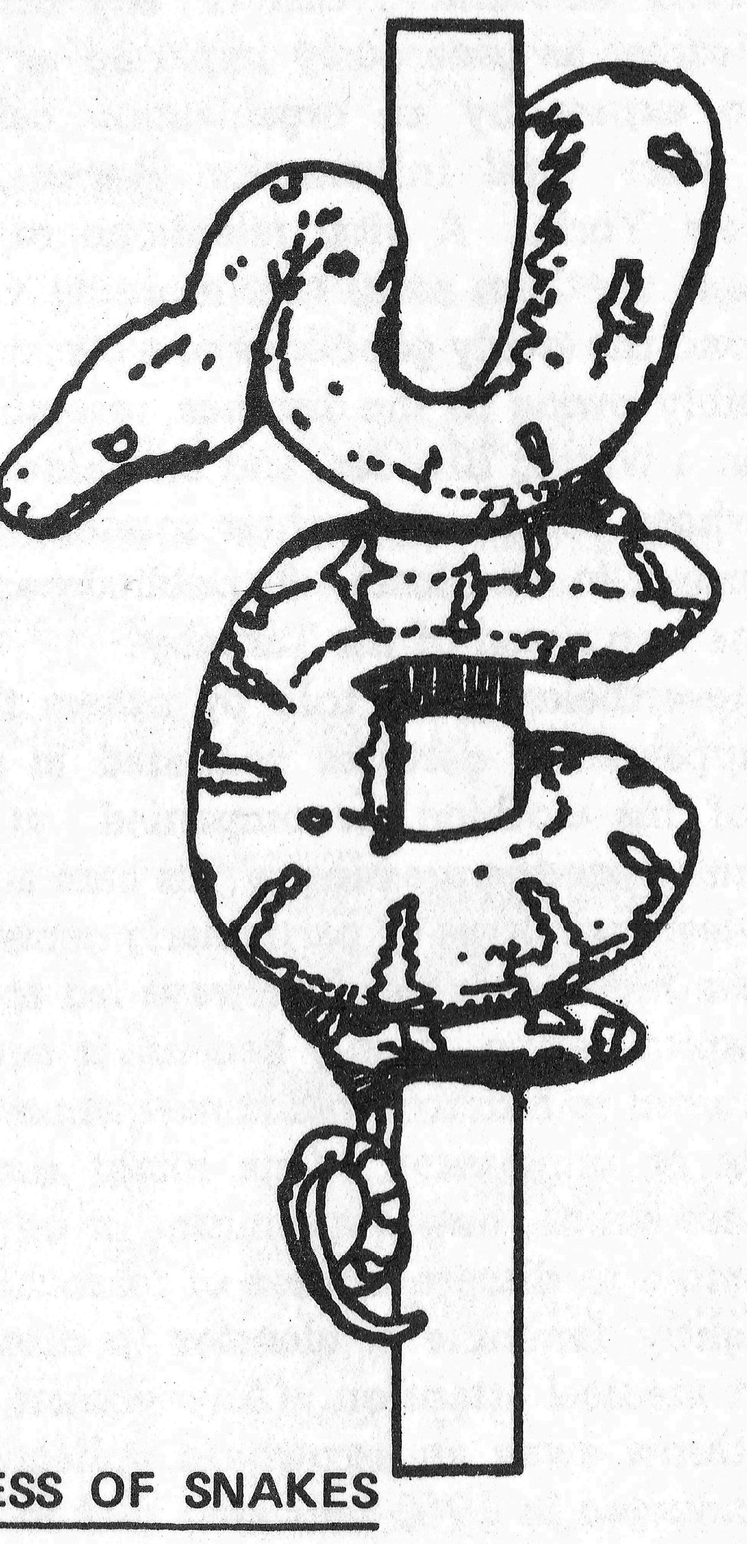
There is a certain fundamental duality throughout the whole of the kingdoms of nature – a division into realms of 'force' and realms of 'form'. Each level is made up of these two aspects, but the proportions vary with the different levels of manifestation.

John Fare you well

Presently I am researching my thesis and badly require information on 'John Fahey' the American sculptor/performer who died knowingly as a part of his work, as I understand it to be: and all this is hearsay: together with an Italian cybernetic sculptor, Fahey built a computer-controlled machine that performed amputations. Fahey was the patient – the computer functioned in a completely random way. The performances were advertised and tickets sold at £5 a throw. These performances took place in England. In total there were 6 amputations on Fahey by the machine. The final one being his head.

Do you have any information about these performances (they took place two years ago, the death of John Fahey was mid-November 1970), John Fahey, his life and/or his work? Failing this could you please let me know of anyone whom you think may have? Failing that could you please print my request in your magazine asking for any known material on Fahey to be sent to me at the address given? I do hope you may be able to help.

GRAHAM BROWN
4 Cricketers Terrace
Leeds 12



SICKNESS OF SNAKES

THE name is derived from the meanings and interpretations of the runes, specifically the rune which is called Hagalaz or Hagall. It symbolises the 'icy-egg' or seed of primal cosmic life and pattern. It is the complete potential multiversal paradigm – the egg of manifestation. An old Icelandic rune poem goes: 'Hagall is a cold grain and a shower of sleet and a sickness of snakes'. Hagalaz is the number of completeness that leads to a birth of greater power and productivity. All the other runes are potentially contained in the Hagall rune.

The Isaacs Gallery Ltd. 832 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada M4W 2H1 / 923-7301

4 January, 1986

Dear Mr. Sanders,

I am afraid that so much time has elapsed since the 'performance' of John Fare that we have no documentation on it. All I can remember is that it was a bloody mess.

Sincerely yours,

Avrom Isaacs

AI:mfb

The Isaacs Gallery Ltd. 832 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada M4W 2H1 / 923-7301

Dear Mr. Saunders,

I'm afraid I was "sending you up".

I know of no such person as John Fare. In the sixties I had a series of mixed media concerts in my gallery, and out of this came the myth of John Fare. Every five years or so, someone rediscovers the myth and writes me a letter such as yours.

Sincerely,

Av Isaacs

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS AND THE CONTEXT FOR THE NEGATION OF INDIVIDUALITY

Karen Eliot is the name chosen/invented by Karen Eliot to refer to an 'individual' human being who can be anyone. Karen Eliot is a context not a person. The name is fixed the people using it aren't. Smile is the name that refers to an international magazine of multiple origins. The name is fixed the type of magazines using it aren't. The purpose of many different magazines and people using the same name is to create a situation for which no one in particular is responsible and to undermine capitalist notions of individuality, identity, and ultimately ownership, by showing that these concepts depend upon nominalism rather than a genuine material referent.

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SCUM & SLIME

Optimism,
trust,
fearless
authority,
and disaster,

eating filth
and transforming it,
with white
intentions,
into black
compassion,

I want to be
filthy
and anonymous
I want to be filthy
and anonymous
I want to be filthy and anonymous

Open your eye lids
and see it looks good,
drinking poison
and in each sip
on your lip
is wisdom
mind.

I like warm air
going over
my skin,

billions
of world
systems,

your body is
crawling
and crashing
into the surf.

Pouring
money
down
another
hole
pouring money
down another hole
pouring money down
another hole,
and keep it
hidden.

When Adam
and Eve
were in the Garden of Eden,
God asked Eve
not to do
two things,
not to eat
the fruit
and not to go swimming,
so she ate
and went for a swim,
that's why
the ocean smells
of fish.

You and I are
sleeping on
a cement
and linoleum
kitchen floor,

you look like
a television set
sitting on
a refrigerator,

I would crawl
through a mile of shit
to suck off
the last guy
who fucked her.

We don't take
drugs no more,
we sit around
praying for money,
don't do anything drastic,

when you're with
a lover
you have no
control
when you're with a lover
you have no control
when you're with a lover you have
no control,

I want to be
filthy
and anonymous,
scum
and slime.

What's going on
in here,
it looks like
everyone is
underwater,
give me
a break,
I'm dead
and I'm asleep.

JOHN GIORNO 1985

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The evil sound of music?

COIL – the Some Bizarre bad boys of British noise, ever searching for new thresholds of confrontational taboos in an aural assault on the conventional morality of the Western World, have already disposed of S/M, Charles Manson, the Virgin Birth, necrophilia, Scatology, Christianity, drug orgasms, Aleister Crowleyism, and gay porn.

Birthed in the psyche of Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV, Coil's two progenitors, John Balance and Peter 'Sleazy' Christopherson, have burst the cocoon. And in the current tradition of British Avants have wed Art and Commerce with politics, e.g. Paul Hardcastle.

Coil's demi-monde has been sex: dark, steaming, sleazy sex, seen as a purification ritual for self-limiting fear. Coil inhabits the Aleister Crowley inspired other world. They heightened their experimental living into an art form.....until the ever-widening scythe of the death angel AIDS began to strike their friends and produce fear and loathing in their own freedream fantasy.

Coil internalized the disease dialectic and, snake like, shed its skin of decadence.

Taking soulmate Mark Almond's international anthem 'Tainted Love', originally set to a post-modern sex beat, they deconstruct the ballad. The result: an elegy for sex. Calling upon sound manipulator Clint Ruin (Foetus to you) they slow the song down to a the-bars-are-closed-and-the-streets-are-empty wail complete with carillons and dirge organ. John Balance lugubriously overlays mournful beaten banshee moans....sex is dead. Coil stares directly into the face of its own myth of perversity and extreme f/unction and discovers that its dream is a nightmare.

Just in case any trendy music lover missed the point, 'Sleazy' Christopherson has produced a Pepsi-Cola-clean music video with Russell Mulchay - cinematic vividness intercut with a hard-edged linear narrative with a make-no-mistake-where-we-stand message. Balance plays the guilt-filled lover of a Hockneyesque youth who we watch being admitted to a stark, sterile, quarantined, hospital room. See him getting progressively weaker, Camille-like, and finally die and be buried. The boy looks like any young thing in any trendy nightlife setting anywhere.

Coil makes its point. It's not 'them'; it's us.

Never to be accused of being sentimental, Coil layers in two haunting, highly controversial sequences.

1) The camera keeps cutting back and forth to flies getting caught in honey till the final cut shows a literal orgy of flies stuck and drowning in a sea of honey. The sweet suffocation of overindulgence? This is Coil at its most radical. A complete repudiation of its previous history of total assault on the physical boundaries of sensuality?

2) The image of Mark Almond, Star, as a leather boy, insensitively smirking at the dying youth – a brutal indictment of those who ignore the grim reality of AIDS and shirk their own responsibility.

DUCK! A SWAN

A dying swan plunged from the sky straight through the roof of a house in Bedford Crescent, Bournemouth.

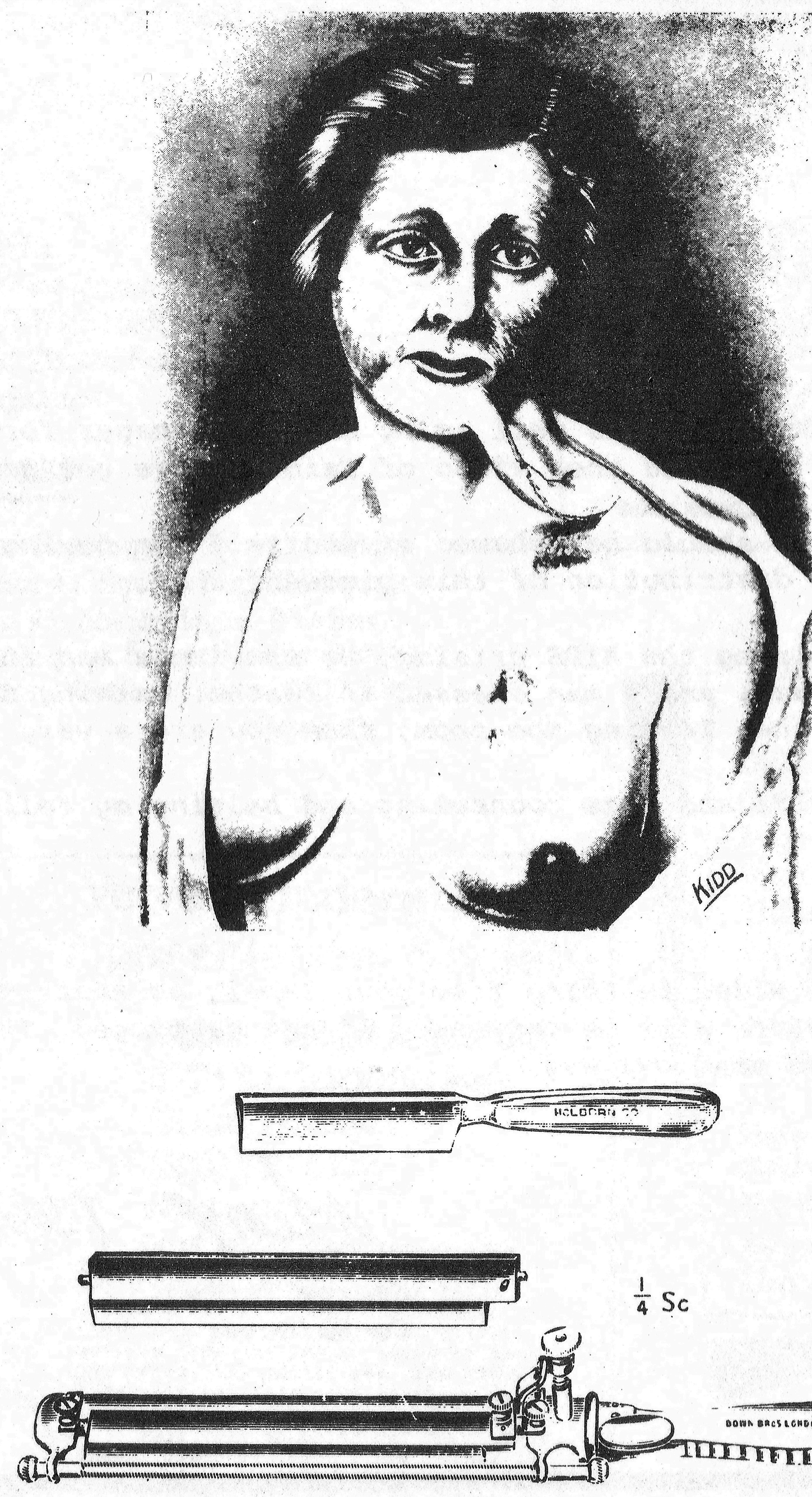
When Wax Trax Record released the 12 inch and video in America, it was those last two images that pushed rage buttons on all kinds of people. A video distribution company in San Francisco called for a total boycott of all Wax Trax products, including Front 242 and Ministry, because the video, they said, was anti-gay. Yet in New York, Mike Callen, lead singer in Lowlife and a person with AIDS, liked it. 'The video is powerful and disturbing and thought provoking. It reflects back at the viewer the complexity and contradictions of AIDS. It's like a divining rod – a conduit for the rational and irrational anger and confusion that swirls around the disease. It's like a mirror onto which the viewer can project his or her own fear and anger and confusion about AIDS and its affect on our lives.'

When RockAmerica put it on its monthly club compilation reel, it amazingly charted in the top 20. Lee Paris of Philadelphia's 'The Kennel Club', said, 'it stops the dance floor action cold, but people watch it, and then they rush to the bars. The owner likes that. We play it because they're sick enough to request it.'

Coil is succeeding in what Some Bizarre founder Stevo calls 'their uncanny ability to always do the unexpected.' And in seducing and provoking people into dealing with the reality of AIDS, by artfully bringing the devastation of a dreadful disease into the fantasy filled world of music video.

Jim Fouratt.

COIL



INCISIONS OF DESIRE

TAG

TAG COMMICATIONS
Flat 3 21b Bates St.
Sheffield S10 1NP
England

HATE MAIL!

ACCESS VIDEO

MUSIC VIDEO PROMOTION AND DISTRIBUTION

June 24, 1985

WAX TRAX RECORDS
Jim Nash
2445 N. Lincolnd Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60614

Dear Mr. Nash:

My partner in Access Video, Ron Baer, as well as my General Manager for TOP 25 Disc Jockey Association, Roy Uribe, just reviewed the video of Tainted Love you sent our organization.

I feel, at the very least, you should be ashamed of yourself for having anything whatsoever to do with the production or distribution of this piece of shit.

If you think that you are helping the AIDS crising, by showing a man in bed, near death, with an oxygen mask on his face, and a man dressed in leather walking into the room, eating grapes, laughing and then leaving the room, then you are a very sick individual.

I am a SHANTI volunteer myself, and I am counseling and helping my fellow man cope with this crisis.

I hope you sleep well tonight.

And please don't send Access Video anything from your label, as anything you send us now or at ANY time in the future will be returned, if not destroyed. That also goes for any vinyl you may want to send our way.

NO THANK YOU!

I feel quite sorry for you.

George Ferren

George Ferren,
Co-Director

480 CASTRO STREET · SUITE 26 · S.F. CA. · 94114

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SELECTED RELATED READINGS

The man who mistook his wife for a hat Oliver Sacks
Structural stability and morphogenesis RENÉ THORN
The right brain experience MARILEE EDENEK
Hebdomeros GIORGIO DE CHIRICO
Matta exhibition catalogue centre GEORGES POMPIDOU
Tanguy exhibition catalogue CENRTE GEORGES POMPIDOU
A grimoire of chaos magick JULIAN WILDE
Liber null PETE CARROLL
Psychonaut PETE CARROLL
Las bas J. K. HUYSMANS
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The book of pleasures RAOUL VANEIGEM
The revolution of everyday life RAOUL VANEIGEM
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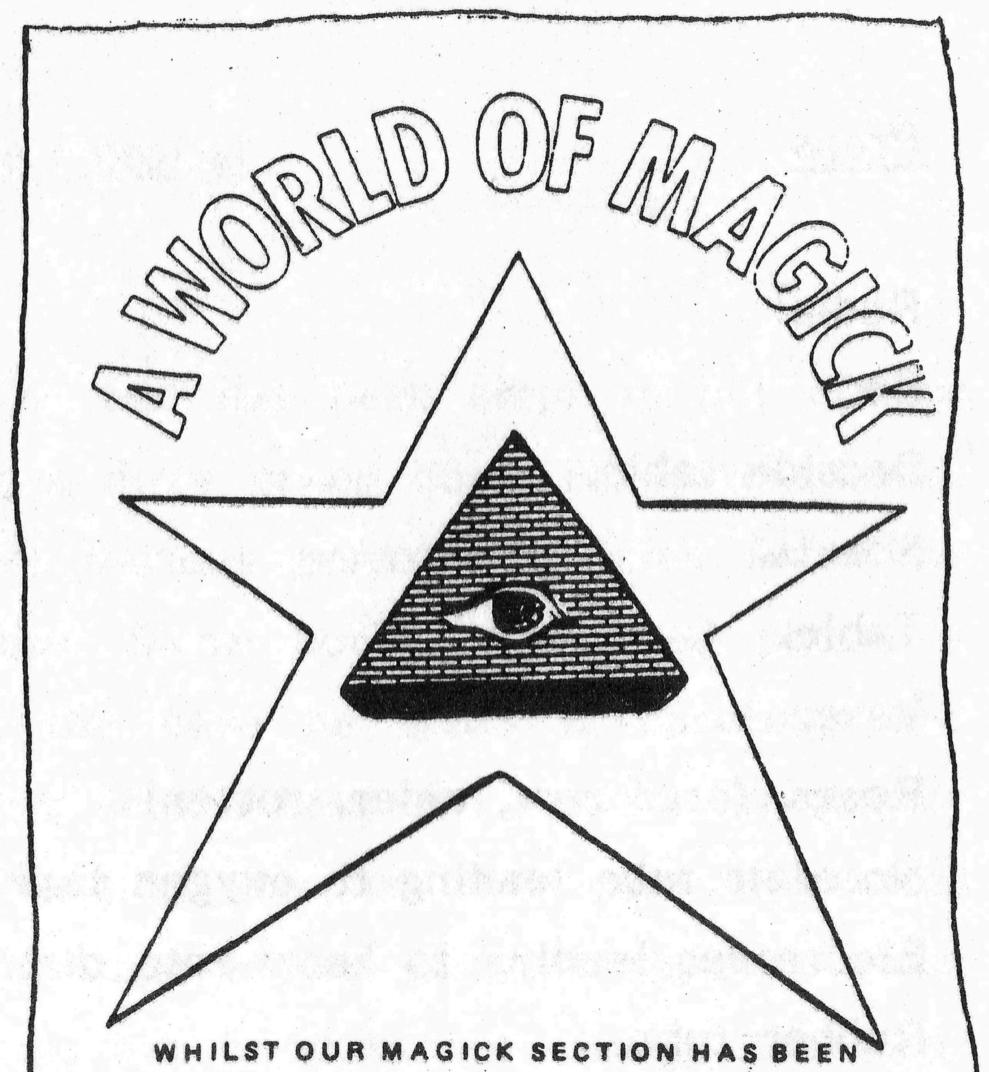
Selected works ALFRED JARRY
S.S.O.T.B.M.E. LEMUEL JOHNSTONE
The collected works of AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE
Theatre of magick RAY SHERWIN
Books of blood CLIVE BARKER
The faculties of a broken heart ROLF VASELLARI
Chants de maldoror LAUTREAMONT
Witchcraft and the gay counterculture ARTHUR EVANS
Black sun GEOFFERY Wolfli
The language of the lines NIGEL RICHMOND
Sexual variance VERN L. BULLOUGH
The life of Nikola Tesla JOHN O'NEILL
Impressions of africa RAYMOND ROUSSEL
Locus solus RAYMOND ROUSSEL
ADOLF WOLFI FOUNDATION catalogue
Where there is no doctor DAVID WERNER
Insight, Fortean Times, Lamp of Thoth, Formaos, Ganymede, Mr SM, Chaos International magazines.

RECOMMENDED COIL ARTICLES

The Feverish, Wilfried Stasch, Im Haselbusch 56, 4130 Moers 2, West Germany. (Issues 1,3, and 4). Square Peg, BM Square Peg, London WC1N 3XX. (Issue 9). Abrahadabra, P O Box 13414, 2501 EK Den Haag, Holland. (A few articles in Dutch). Snark, 50 Woodhurst Ave, Garston, Watford, Herts, WD2 6RQ. (issue 3).



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ALTERED NURSERY RHYMES

Old Mother Hubbard
Got fucked in the cupboard
In order to pay for the phone
But when she got bare
The man got a scare
And shat himself over the dog
The dog got pissed off
And chewed his arm off
So the dog did end up with a bone

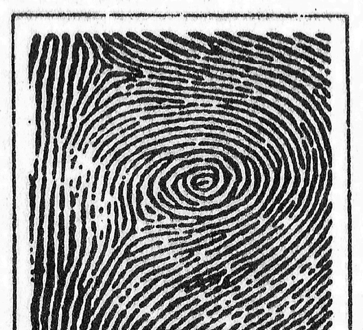
Mary Mary missionary
How does your garden know
The little turds
And silver birds
That die in the coldly snow?

What Goes On #1 was published in 1977. #2 in 1979. By your demand, they ride again in a big package. 56 pages corralling the Best of 1&2.
HOWEVER, the main item in this lineup is a new, gotta-have-now dandy complete, critical recorded history of the Velvet Underground, 1957-1986. Yow. That huge item takes up most of the 56 pages, and that was cramming it in, too. You got all your VU albums, 45's, imports, reissues, bootlegs, films, demos, etc etc. Omnidirectional. We even kick in a swell free bonus. Why? Cuz we like you all for waiting so well. A mere $3. North American types throw in a 75¢ piece for Mr. Mailman. Overseas go $1 surface mail, $2.50 air.

Velvet Underground Appreciation Society

VUAS / What Goes On
5721 S.E. Laguna Ave.
Stuart, FL 33497
(305) 283-6195
subscriptions

We're ready. Ready enough with What Goes On to offer a subscription. And a bargain to boot. check this: 3 issues for $10. That's a bargain right now, and by signing up you'll be safe from any postal hikes or the WGO price. And you'll get them right away with any free cool stuff we stick in the first printing (as is our wont).
What will be Going On? Well, this summer comes #4, mainly Moe Tucker issue. Photos, history, huge chats. And this fall brings us #5, the screamingly good Sterling Morrison (mainly) issue. All about Sterl. that's our 1-2 punch plans, and we got lots of ideas for #6...
OK, 3 issues for $10. Postage included unless you live overseas and want airmail. In that case, make it 3 for $15.



Props

Room:
Bed.
Bedside table.
Sheets.
Table.
Vase.
Roses. (pref new, older, rotten)
Nose/air tube leading to oxygen tank.
Electrodes leading to heart-rate display machine (PRACTICAL).
Rubber tube.
Drip bottle and tube to arm
Blood transfusion bag suitable for visable internal drips.
Grapes on a plate.
Wheelchair.
Suitcase.
Framed photo.
Watch.
Books.

Mortuary:
Sign reading "QUARANTINE - DO NOT TOUCH" or possibly DO NOT ENTER.
Clear polythene to wrap body.
Label for ankle.

The Narrator:
Table and chair.
Dinner plate,cutlery, glass etc.
Food.
Drapes.
Honey/treacle.
Flies. · SCORPION

Grave model.

Five Scenes in a Hospital

One

A warm day in a sparse hospital room. The bed has been slept in but is now empty. A hospital porter comes in wearing a dirty green coat. He puts a small suitaces on the bed. He begins to remove various personal articles from the bedside table and pack them into the case. Some books, a framed photo, a notepad, a watch. When everything is in the case he shuts it carefully and puts it by the door. Next he pulls the sheets of the bed, and remakes it quickly and efficiently. On the table opposite the end of the bed is a vase with roses in it. They are wilting, decayed. He tosses them in the bin and replaces them with new ones, whose buds are just opening, but he does not change the stagnant water in the vase. He looks around the room to make sure he has not forgotten anything, then picks up the suitcase and the soiled sheets and leaves. The room seems fresh. The curtain blows slowly in the breeze at the sunny window.

Two

The hospital porter pushes along a pale boy in a wheelchair. The boy is in his early twenties but looks frail. He is wearing a coat over institutional pyjamas. He is tightly gripping a suitcase on his lap. Slowly they negotiate the corridors that seem to lead to a more and more remote part of the building. No-one else seems to be around. At last they turn into a room. It is sparsely furnished but bright. The porter helps the boy into the bed, hangs up his coat, and leaves. The boy takes a few belongings out of his case, a few books, his watch, a framed photo, and puts them on the bedside table.

Three

The room is dark. The boy's condition seems to have worsened. He has lost weight and is sweating profusely. An intravenous drip is connected to his arm by a long clear tube. He has pushed most of the covers off. He looks up at the ceiling, occasionally trying to find a more comfortable position to sleep.

Four

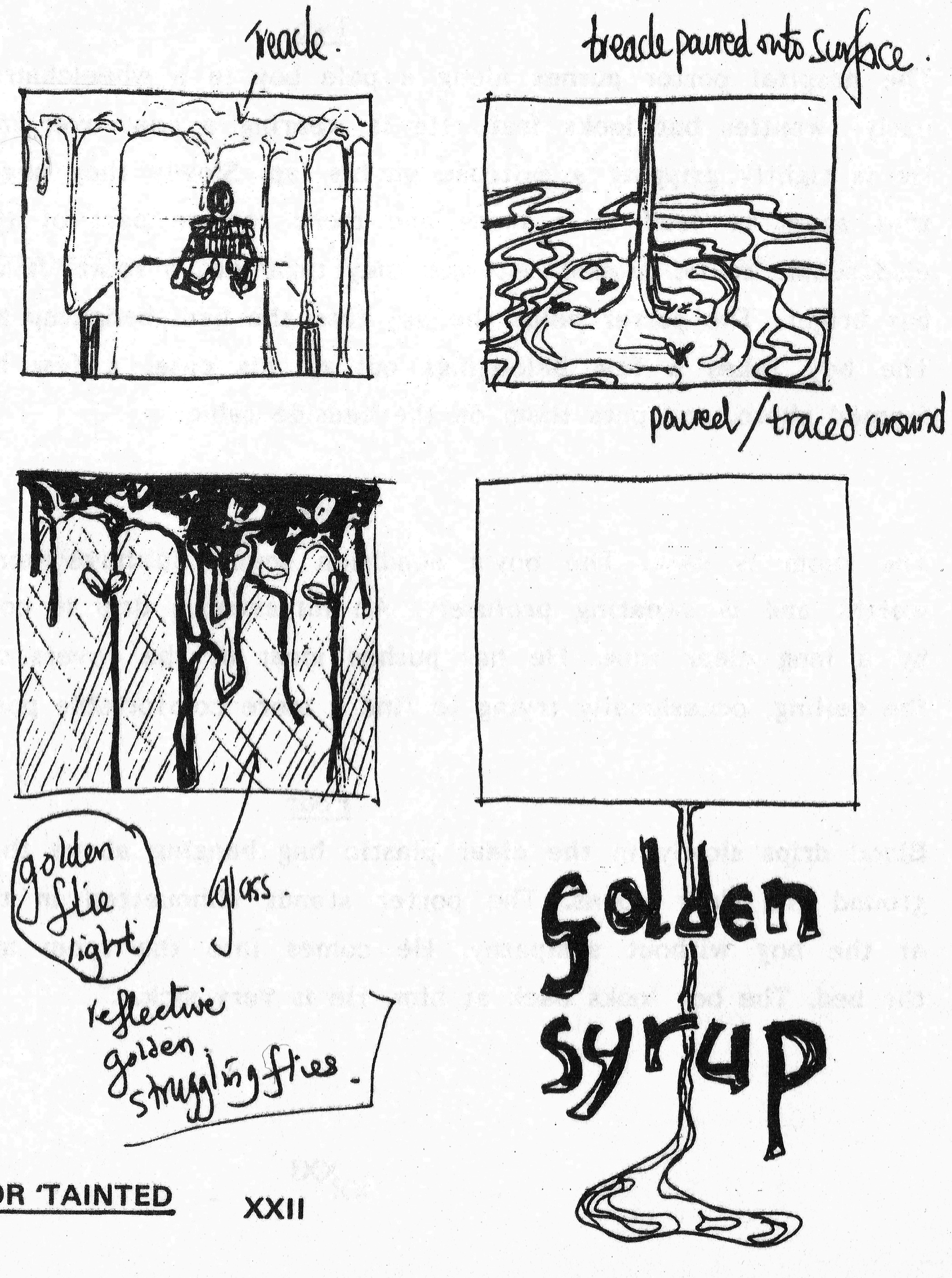
Blood drips slowly in the clear plastic bag hanging above the bed. In the background the door opens. The porter stands silhouetted in the doorway looking at the boy without sympathy. He comes into the room and walks up beside the bed. The boy looks back at him. He is very sick.

He is connected by a tube from his nose to oxygen cylinders. Electrodes on his chest lead to a heart monitor. A rubber tube leads from beneath a stained cloth covering his groin to a bottle under the bed. He is too weak to move. The porter casually takes a handful of grapes and puts them in his mouth. As he chews the juice runs down his chin. Without looking back he leaves the room. The boy gives a slight shudder and the beeping from the heart monitor becomes a constant tone. On the screen is a single straight line.

Five

The boy's body lies in the mortuary. It is completely sealed up inside a transparent polythene sheet, lying on trolley. Taped above it is a red notice which reads QUARANTINE - DO NOT TOUCH!

Soon the boy sees the ceiling of the hospital corridors passing above him, then out into the open, and the sky. He sees a sunny blue afternoon sky, sometimes a branch of a tree. Then he sees they are passing under a wrought-iron gate, and then slowly four walls of earth appear and gradually block out the sky completely.



STORYBOARD FOR 'TAINTED LOVE' VIDEO

The Narrator

In a tiled underground room, partially draped in deep red velvet curtains sits a young man, John Balance. Next to him is a table on which lies the remains of a expensive meal including a partially eaten joint of meat. Both the young man and the food on the table are covered in flies.

Quietly he sings the song to himself.

(Not In order)

1 UNICURSAL HEXAGRAM.
2 SCORPION
3 MARC ALMOND.
4 LOVE IS THE LAW } towards end
5 LOVE UNDER WILL
6 TIBETAN DEMON
7 VIRUS
8 PANIC COVER ART. } IN BED.
9 PAN (AOS) PAN portrait ?
10 FLOWERS - VERY COLOURFUL.
11 DALI → RHINOCEROS
12 ANUBIS
13 A KEY
14 A DOOR.
15 EYE OF HORUS.
16 VIRUS II. — MORGUE
17 PEOPLE IN VENICE SQUARE ??
18.
19 HANDS WASHING MORGUE.
20 COUPLE KISSING ?
21 DOGS FUCKING
22 alchemical. Birth of death!
23 Black Sun.
24 Negative-Black Sun.
25 Food/meal
26 food/rotten → messed.
27 LOVE AND TERROR
28 CLOCK FACE.
29 Peacock
30 Scorpion over clockface.
31 LEON
32 MARC Bolans Carcrash
33 Scorpion on black Sun Symbol.

IDEAS FOR SUBLIMINAL VISUAL BURSTS IN 'TAINTED LOVE' VIDEO (THOSE UNDERLINED WERE EVENTUALLY USED)

A2Z

ANGELS: The destroying angel, the angel of the world, the 'Angelic Conversation'.

ANGELUS by Millet: A highly charged enigmerotic picture. High kitsch in France. We crave reproductions - t-shirts, cushion covers etc.

BASTILLE: Highly skilled illustrator of homoerotic fetishistic scenes. Various drawings published in Mr SM. We know that restraint can sometimes result in liberation.

BUTTHOLE SURFERS: Genius dementia. Exceptionally advanced practitioners of chaos as a means of illumination; these guys spelt truth LSD, but that's just one way. Paul Butthole is a giant guitarist.

BUNUEL: Proof of Hispanic genius. An individual with visions and the determination to illustrate them. He remains faithful to the idea that the subconscious is the natural and only ruler.

CLIVE BARKER: Exceptional, vivid usage of ideas and language make his 'Books of Blood' (6 volumes) essential reading. Also a good friend of ours. The company we keep......

BURROUGHS: Continually championing the feral hero, the outlaw, the psychic frontier man. Pro independent soul and pro scientific research into the psychic state of man as he stands in the 20th century.

KATE BUSH: 'The Dreaming' lp is amazing. Pure genius. Overproduction tends to dull the brilliant sharp edges of some of it.

CHERUB: By the Butthole Surfers.

CURRENT 93: Fellow isolationists. Scalding wit, black humour, and an encyclopaedic knowledge of Lautreamont and Blue Oyster Cult are essential in their company during the absinthe sipping orgies.

CATASTROPHE THEORY: As proposed and shaped by René Thorn, the French biologist and mathematician. A theory of order in apparent chaos and chance events in nature. This relates to the Qabballah and to evolution and structures through the universe. An essential and liberating viewpoint.

CHEESE: Especially strong psychoactive ones as an aid to creative dreaming. Tastewise - Camembert, Sage, Derby, or Stilton.

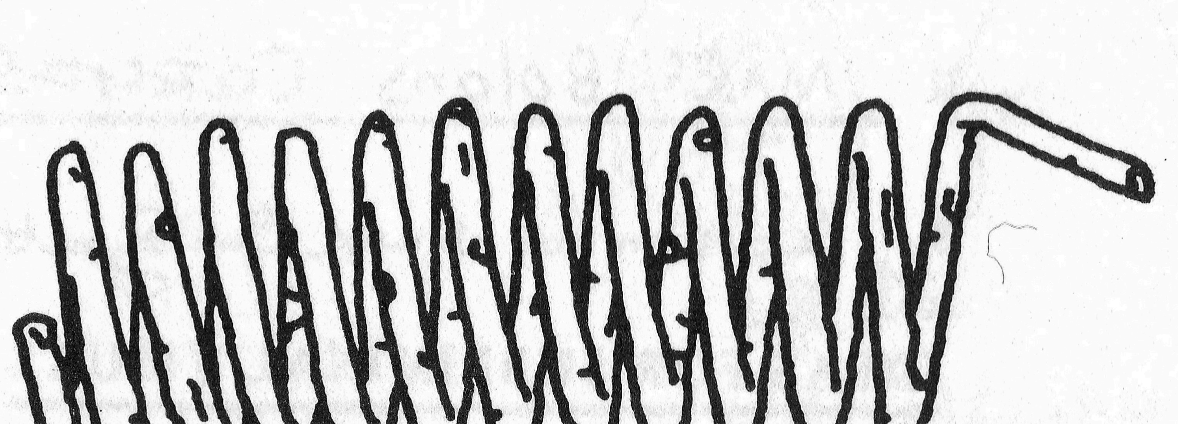
DAVID CRONENBURG: Wyndham's choice for most pathologically orientated psychodirector.

DALI: Symbolic, explosive, and ever accumulating genius of paranoia-critical hyperactivity. He can externalise a dream quicker than anyone else and have it phsyical at a whim. Alchemically transmuting the bare world into Dalinian gold. Eccentric and concentric monarchistic catalyst.

DOGSTAR – SIRIUS: Of personal importance. I have a cypher associated with Sirius on the kundalini spot of my spine. Set and Reset. 23 and 5 are relevant to Sirius. See also the Dogon Tribes.

SAMUEL R. DELANEY: For the decadent inspirations and hallucinogenic lust of his book, 'Tides of Lust' - pure polymorphous perversion.

ERGOT RYE: Ergot poisoning. St Anthony's Fire and related visionary outbursts. The stuff of medieval saints and hysterical plagues.



MAX ERNST: Creative but softcore surrealist esp. 'Europe After The Rain', 'The Temptation Of Saint Anthony' and 'The Robing Of The Bride' etc. Has bird-like aura and also an alter-ego called 'Lop-lop' (a bird).

E. E. CUMMINGS: Precursor to Ivor Cutler. A revealing eccentric. Strangely, emotionally, moving use and abuse of language and format.

GAVIN FRIDAY: Longtime friend and sometime collaborator with Coil. We share our secrets and occasionally inspire gleams and shinings we never suspected.

FISH EGGS: The texture, the minute expansiveness of them. The sound they make when you roll one in your fingers very close to your ear opening. A hypersonic squeak squeak which has inspired me to write new lyrics on several occasions now. I interpret what the fish eggs dictate to me - not caviar but lumpfish roe - cheap. Red or black colouring available.

GERM WARFARE: As possible nightclub deterrent.

PETER GABRIEL: Displaced, misaimed in recent years but has an individual strength of vision, a dark viewpoint on life. He also deals with mental illness in popular music in a positive way. Occasionally great. Sleazy did several album covers for him, the first three for instance.

ED GEIN: Extremely interesting and extreme mental case who also practised necrophilia, cannibalism, and made belts, among other things, from human skin.

IRENE HANDL: The ideal matriarch. No nonsense approach coupled with a heart of gold. Feminine strength of character.

ICELAND: The earths most elemental country. Raw elements. Terrifying beauty and mystery. The inhabitants are like Loki, very mischievous - strong, and the potential there is enormous. The true European future.

I–CHING: An unfailing no nonsense aid to survival. It interacts responses and reveals the subconscious desires, the inevitable. It is nothing other than a manifestation of the 'overself' - guardian angel. Relating the inner with the whole of the outer correspondances.

JACKAL (Anubis): A personal emblem/symbol/archetype. Anubis being the Egyptian guardian of the threshold, the keeper of the gate to the otherworld.

YVES KLEIN: Alchemist/artist. Famous for his suicidally inclined leaps into the void, out of third floor windows etc. He also created Klien Blue' a deeply resonant pigment. He painted in gold, with flames, with nude flesh etc.

KAOS: Our Basenji dog. A short haired fox colour hunting dog from North Africa. Resembles Anubis, our paranoid manifestation of nervous creativity. A bundle of finely tuned nerves. He worries on our behalf.

K.422 RECORDS: Our outlet to the world at large. Also the home of the sonically damaging Swans.

LAYLAH: Crowley's mistress. Numerically important to TO MEGA THERIONS great plan of universal Crowleyanity. Namely Leah Hersig.

LAUTREAMONT, Comte de: Isidore Ducasse. A towering enigma 1846-70. Born in Montevideo, Uruguay. His only surviving works are 'Les Chants de Maldoror' and the 'Collected Poesies'. Oracular and immensely dark in outlook. Sado surrealism born here. He has never been widely popular and I hope it remains that way always. The darkest jewel in the surrealist crown.

The Comte de Lautreamont, who never lived, is the pseudonymous writer of 'Chants de Maldoror', which are not songs. Both are the creations of Isidore Ducasse, who died in Paris in 1870 during the Prussian siege, aged 24, of unknown causes (smallpox?), and is buried in an unknown grave. Till last year, when a single photo surfaced, nobody even knew what he looked like. He had no friends, never discussed himself or his work with anyone who left a record, and belongs to no obvious school of thought, word or deed.

That makes him a gift to us literary body-snatchers, who can re-articulate the remains with no fear of anyone, ever, exploding our Surrealist Snark or Structuralist Boojum. Certainly early this century the French Surrealists felt they had discovered a soul-mate in the man who wrote the description of a boy 'fair as the chance meeting on a dissecting-table of a sewing machine and an umbrella'. And the Structuralist literary critics of the 1960s and '70s have had a field day with an author who could hide a pun on 'otherwise' in the name of his alter ego Lautreamont, and another on 'dawn's evil' in the name of the Comte's AC/DC killer-rapist hero, Maldoror (mal d'aurore).

'Maldoror' is a book constructed out of books, the Gothicks, penny dreadfuls, natural and not-so-natural histories of his century, peopled by its Byronic/Romantic heroes and dishonoured heroines, equipped with the same verbal blades, vampire forests and stormy seas —only with the intention of wiping out those fictional worlds, not reinforcing them. Maldoror is random assassin, taboo-breaker, family-mangler, deadly enemy and rival of a God who appears as a drunk, a rhino, a client in a low-class brothel, a monster crunching corpses like Goya's Saturn.

Lautreamont's images remind you of Blake or Fuseli, or look forward to Magritte or Delvaux. His style crams invention up against cliche, flashes back and forwards, obscenities, changes of tense, of person, of viewpoint—a whole range of disorientation techniques. His world relates him to the other counter-world makers, Swift, Carroll, Kafka, or maybe to the European raygun-less SF of writers like Lem and Ballard.

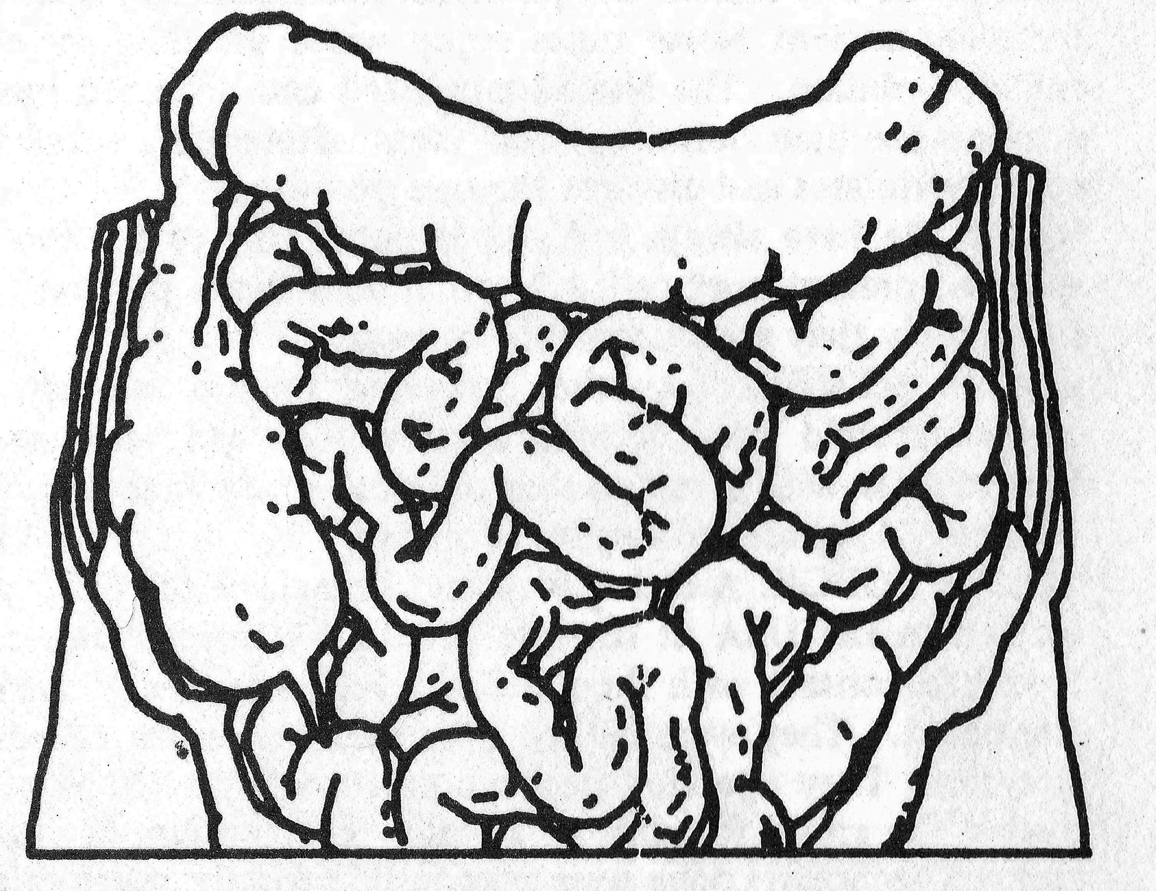
After shredding images and all their makers into his very careful chaos, Ducasse posed a positive 'good' against 'Maldoror's evil in his 'Poesies'. Not poems, but a monologue on literature and morality, and a call to order that seems to disown every anarchising implication of 'Maldoror'.

ANTI–MATTER: See various Dr. Who episodes. The corporeal substance of Higher Angels.

MATTA: Chilean surrealist artist. Paints huge canvases which could be described as coldwar, deepspace, landscapes rich with diagrams of bizarre though processes like electronic circuits abstracted.

NIETZSCHE: Philosopher. Genius or terminal syphilitic. Both surely. A constant source of insight and genuinely disturbing revelation and wit - exasperation. In our opinion one of the most important writers ever. But as with The Bible, with any valued texts, the interpretations laid upon their work and actions taken as a result of interpretations should not reflect on the work itself.

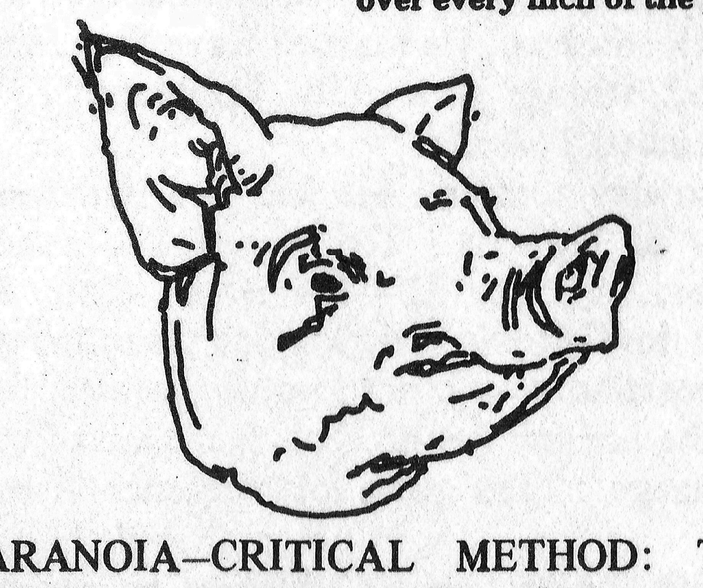
HERMANN NITSCH: O.M. Theatre. Pagan orientated performance artist who creates large scale animal sacrifice rituals in the grounds of his huge castle. He has revitalised the high celebration of animal instincts and explores the human condition and responses to atavistic resurgences which are acted out. Vast enactments of death-lust-life forces. The scale sets him apart from others. Catharsis and Bacchanalian orgies of blood and ceremonial gore.



ONAN: Onan the Barbarian as we occasionally refer to him. The friend of thousands and potentate. Most frequently engaged magical tool - weapon. The Sin of Onan was surely invented to try and remove sexual magickal powers from practitioners.

PIG SYMBOLISM: Porcine culture. The pig is next to godliness, a brilliant intelligent animal. I attribute fondness to the fact I was brought up in a pig farm for five years and used to have baby pigs in a box on the draining board at home.

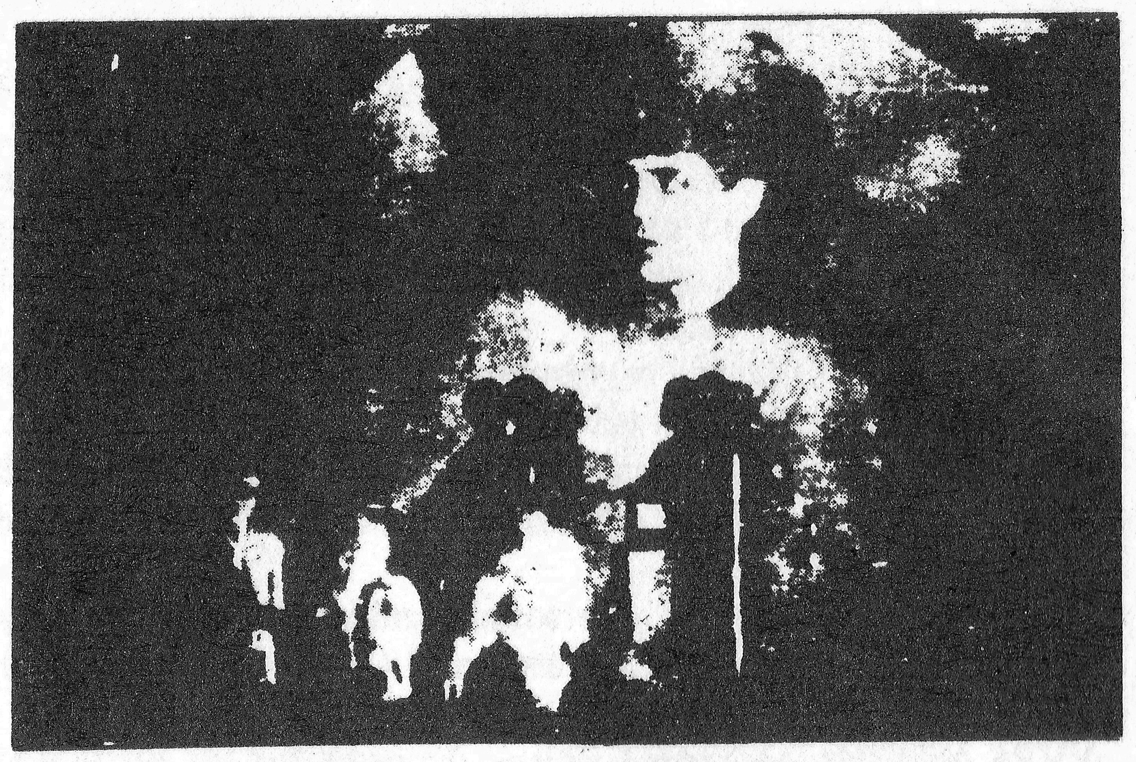
One of my main pre-occupations was with dung. Other people's pigs seemed to dung in neat piles beside the gate. My pigs, when they were not playfully throwing it at each other, spread it tastefully over every inch of the pen or in the water trough.



PARANOIA–CRITICAL METHOD: The Dali formulated method of viewing any one object as any number of different objects simultaneously. An aid to creative, artistic output and a natural occurance as far as I'm aware.

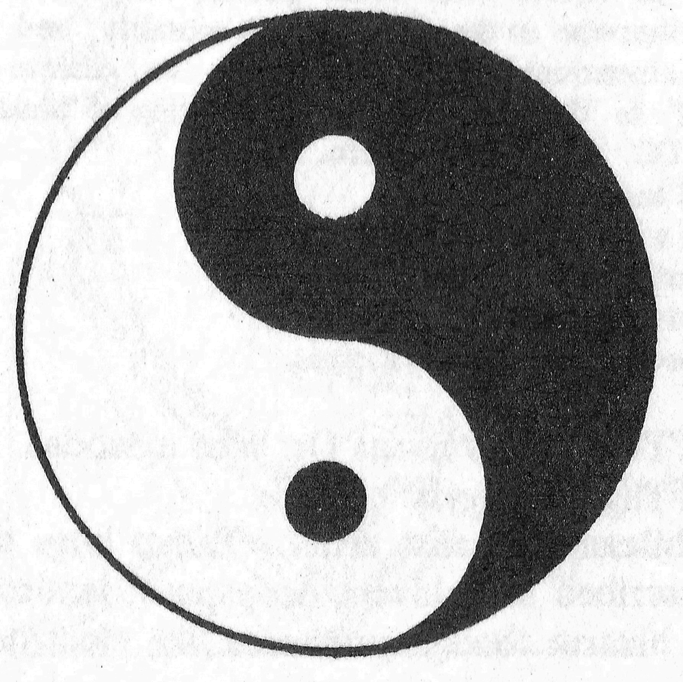
PAN: God of Panic, nature, sheperds, thieves. His appearance at noon - the hour of the shortest shadows causes uncontrollable fear in lonely woodland places. Dwells originally in Arcadia. Pan is 'O' - symbolic of all nature. The wild chaos of everything outside of us. It is the Christian 'devil' archetype. Legend hinted that Pan died as Christianity became stronger. Bou Jeloud - The father of fear - has links with Moroccan music Joujouka - see Brion Gysin, Brian Jones, etc.

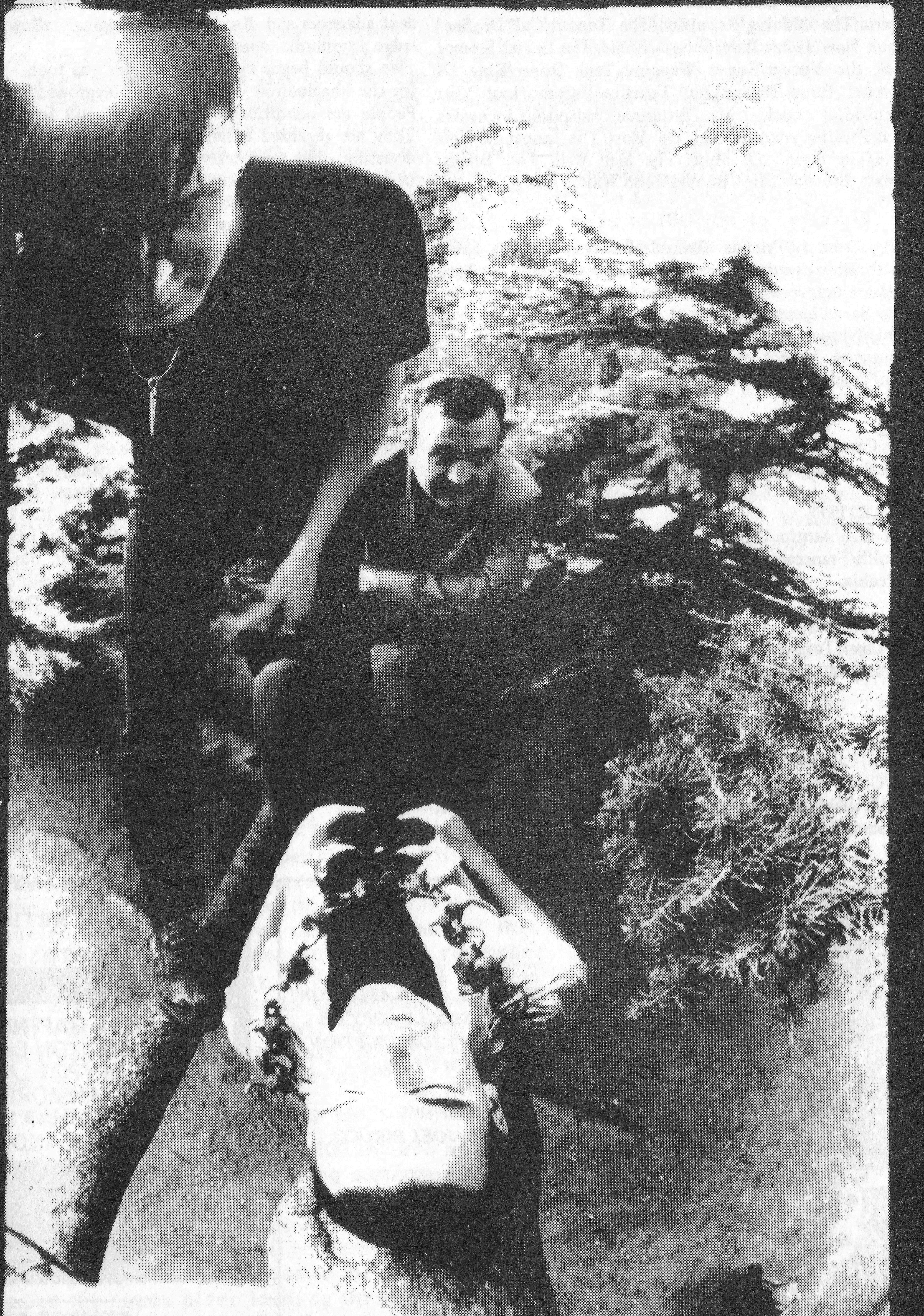
PARCAMISERIA: A Yugoslavian insult!
QABALLAH: The ancient system of relationships and correspondances between all things contained within the planets, including god forms, emotions, the classification of natural things, animals, minerals, etc. It is a working, functioning, entity. Potentially difficult to traverse and make full use of. It exists in various forms all over the western hemisphere. The present body of knowledge is of ancient Hebrew origin, although some parts, fundamental principles and sketches, are much older.
NICK ROEG: A cinematic alchemist at times. He has the very rare gift at making synchronicity, destiny, and the psychic side of experiences, a palpable part of his films. Especially dazzled by 'Eureka'.
RUNES: Ancient body of knowledge. Related in some ways to the Qaballah. The symbols are the psychic alphabet - keys. With subtle but ancient and powerful resonances and roles. The Icelandic ancient Norse runes enjoy wider use than the celtic-english variation. The Nazis bastardized and distorted runes as symbols for their definite, fixed, ideas. Something which immediately violates and disturbs the true potentials.
RATS: We have always had rats as pets. One of our favourite animals, present ones called 'Vermin' and Black Bomber'. Unfortunately they are susceptible to cancer.
EDITH SITWELL: Another towering English woman. An awkward child who became a marvellous and very assertive individualist with a remarkable physical appearance and choice of dress. A wonderful English eccentric.
SOLAR LODGE: A rather wayward branch of the OTO which existed in the USA in the late 1960's. Manson is reputed to have had contact with them but this has never really been substantiated. They were led by a formidable woman called Jean Brayton. They operated from a bookstore. The FBI eventually busted the group for abusing a child - keeping him in chains in fact. The Solar Lodge were responsible for the destruction of many irreplaceable Crowley artifacts in a fire. See chapter 9 of 'The Family' by Ed Sanders. The Coil track on 'Scatology' was vaguely linked to all these ideas and incidents, none specifically.
CHAPMAN STICK BASS: J.B. has played/used this since PTV days. It is a hardwood flat shaped device like a long broad guitar. The strings are touch sensitive and the tuning is completely different, not that ours has been tuned since it was bought. It can make a huge range of tones and textures i.e. 'The Sewage Workers Birthday Party' or 'Catalan' by PTV. It has an incredibly raw, earthmoving sound when played live at volume. As also played by Peter Gabriel's bass player Levin and Kajagoogoo's Nick Beggs!!!!
YVES TANGUY: Surrealist painter of exquisite inner landscapes of a lunar resonance. He was very influential even among the Surrealist ranks themselves. He married Kaye Sage, another artist who illustrated strange unworldly landscapes. When Tanguy died, she committed suicide.
THELEMA: The Crowley temple. He had the farmhouse at Cefalu as the Abbey of Thelema. The law of Thelema is adhered to by followers of Liber Al - The Book of the Law - dictated to Crowley in Cairo by Aiwass, his Guardian angel. Thelema dictates/necessitates a strict, rather severe, fatalist, brutal approach to the coming Aeon. This is a time of violent transition/turmoil/change. 'The price of existence is eternal warfare'.
UNKNOWNS: As with the best crimes, the best secrets remain hidden. The most dedicated outsiders preserve their work, their existence even, from contamination. They know humanity doesn't owe them anything.
VELVET UNDERGROUND: Always have found solace in the most violent and nihilistic celebrations observed and recorded by this group especially 'European Son to Delmore Schwartz' and 'I Heard Her Call My Name'.



KENNETH WILLIAMS: A comic genius and very curious character. Apparently he won't allow visitors at his flat in case they want to use his toilet. He has a phobia against anyone else using it. Also manifests a curious moral duality - he was a very close associate of Joe Orton and yet adheres to strict Christian type morals on occasions that suit him. Very funny though.

WILLIAM TELL: Father shoots son (sexual overtones). Also Burroughs accidental shooting of his wife in Mexico City in William Tell type circumstances.
X RAY FISH: Those see through thin ones. Strange objects.
ZEN ANARCHISM: Part of our philosophical attitude (on good days).
ZEV: Alchemist/word manipulator. I believe he is pursuing some very important and innovative avenues of post Burroughs language research.
ZOS KIA: John Gosling's group now. Used Coil backing tapes at three gigs. Also Austin Spare's 'Zos Kia Cultus'.





PIC. LAWRENCE WATSON '86

SOME FAVOURITE THINGS

FILMS (for directors and soundtracks - not exhaustive)
Time Bandits/The Evil Dead/The Night Of The Hunter/Terminator/Possession/Performance/BadTiming/Martin/Videodrome/Kings and Desperate Men/Driller Killer/Texas Chainsaw Massacre/Suspiria/The Shining/Repulsion/The Tenant/Cul De Sac/Don't Look Now/Jack's Wife/Shivers/Rabid/The Brood/Stereo/Crimes of the Future/Secret Weapons/Taxi Driver/King Of Comedy/After Hours/Raging Bull/Tenebrae/Inferno/Last Year In Marienbad/O Lucky Man/Britannia Hospital/Clockwork Orange/Lu/Salo/Satyricon/Chant De Mort/The Innocents/Viva La Muerte/The Sound Of Music/The Man With Two Brains/Eureka/Marx Brothers films/Bunuel/John Waters films.

MUSIC
Stravinsky/Debussy/Friends Records/Butthole Surfers (pure addictive thrashing genius)/Leonard Cohen (especially The Partisan)/A few original 60's psychedelic groups - The Misunderstood/The Seeds/Electric Prunes (I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night)/Nuggets and Pebbles stuff/Flipper/Acid Period Eric Burdon/Funeral Musics especially Albinoni - Adagio/Prince/Kate Bush/Tibetan Ritual Music.

WRITERS
Ramsey Campbell/Clive Barker/Jean-Paul Sartre/H. P. Lovecraft/Ezra Pound/Friedrich Nietzsche/Wyndham Lewis.

VISUAL ARTISTS
Salvador Dali/Austin Osman Spare/John Martin/Brion Gysin/Adolf Wolfli/Francesco Clemente/W. Holman Hunt/Joel Peter Witkin/Picabia.

ANIMALS
Hydrax/Civet/Tasmanian Devil/Pit Viper/Jackal/Pig/Coypus/Mandril/Pangolin/Armadillo/Scorpion/Lynx/Chameleon/Capynbara.

PEOPLE
Stravinsky/Lautreamont/Harry Crosby/Neuberg/Jarry/Gibby Butthole/Gavin Friday/Jim Thirwell/Mark Almond/Beausoleil/Edie Sedgewick/Taylor Mead/Andrea Feldman/Billy Name/Tesla/Pasolini/Jung/Burroughs/Gysin/Chubb/Sitwell.

CHAOS

NUMBER 6

CHAOS MAGICK/ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHY/THELEMA/SHAVA VADA/SECRET OF IX° OF OTO/FIN-DE-MILLENIAL DECADENCE/DIABOLICAL PACTS/POLITICS OF DESPAIR/ACEDIA/THANATOXIS/OCCULT SUBVERSION/MANIPULATION

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DREAM PHOTOGRAPHY – THE EXPLORATION OF SLEEP

CERTAIN cultures treat dreams with as much credence and importance as they do their waking life experiences. In the West the dream has been ignored, dismissed, suppressed, explained away in purely pathological terms - feared and ridiculed. Recent advances and discoveries begrudgingly allow us to acknowledge a symbolic, quasi-importance.

We should begin to use our dreams - as tools - as storehouses for the imagination - as psychical playgrounds, testing grounds. People are conditioned to disregard and forget their dreams. They are regarded as harmless and shallow, at best an amusing diversion - like weak television programmes. We should attempt to reverse this unfortunate, blinkered, limiting trend, and begin a systematic exploration of sleep. We should equip ourselves and penetrate these uncharted regions, these wastelands of the nocturne. We can experience waking dreams, lucid dreams, clairvoyant dreams. Symbolic and cathartic scenarios can be constructed and enacted in the dream arena. Create while asleep - free from material/physical boundaries and circumstantial limitations. The Surrealists, who also conducted substantial and lengthy periods of sleep experiments were able to verify: 'There is the same triumphant spontaneity - the same sense of drawing no longer from the narrow and brief endurance of nerve and brain but on some unknown source exempt from these limitations'.

Use written, recorded results as catalysts to spark off new avenues of thought, to penetrate problems. Examine your psychological make-up and improve/enhance it. It's a mountain of raw material mined from the depths of the brain.

It is not always necessary to understand, but to allow some unknown quantity, some untouched, untasted, quality in yourself to enter and change ones perceptions. The vital, essential, chance factor.

Modern theories have proposed the possibility of a race memory, a collective consciousness - certainly we have subconscious desires and fears that provide common cultural and psychic links. Avatars, archetypes of thought, of being. We should endeavour to unearth these raw latents and utilise them.

WE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN HEARING FROM ANYONE WITH COIL REVIEWS, ARTICLES ETC. PLEASE WRITE TO:

MICK GAFFNEY
20 EVERTON DRIVE
HONEYPOT LANE
STANMORE
MIDDX. HA7 1ED
ENGLAND

DREAM RECALL EXERCISE

Although startlingly simple (as are most potent systems) Dream Recall is a very effective method of gaining control over dreamtime. In it's ultimate form it can reveal areas of Magical Memory and much initiated work can be done whilst in dream state, including lucid-dreaming wherein the dreamer is semi-conscious and can 'observe' the dream without affecting it; being carried away and noting every happening in the dream itself, objectively.

The Dream Recall Technique has also been termed Reverse Remembering. The mind makes thousands of decisions every day. It does this automatically and in 'forward-thinking' mode. If you are asked to remember a list of groceries you always remember the one at the top of the list first and then 'chain' them together. When re-membering them you begin at no.1 and move down the list. The mind automatically thinks this way. However just because this fits into our mundane life more efficiently does not mean that the mind is limited to thinking linearly. Not so. The mind can be taught to remember in reverse sequence by command, although it does take some effort on behalf of the operator. Try counting from 100 down to zero for example. You have to think and put effort into the result, whereas counting from zero to 100 you do not think, it is automatically accomplished by familiarisation. Of course there is a limit to what we can accomplish by sequential remembering in the forward mode. Eventually we run out of things to remember because they have not yet happened. We then have to move into clairvoyant realms. However in reverse remembering we can continue much deeper and farther into the realms of experience and Being and pull out of our memories information and data which can really help us in our daily lives. It helps if the mind is in a state of repose when this reverse remembering goes on and the best results are when allied with sleep although once adept at it you can reverse-remember at any peaceful time.

The knack of reverse remembering is time-phased and memory-phased. That is to say that you can trace back and reverse remember all that has gone on in your mind the night previously. You can also reverse remember previous lives. The key to attempting reverse remembering is simply familiarisation. To begin with reverse remembering is very difficult. Within a week you will be absolutely amazed at the progress you have made and after several months it will become second nature and will be available to you at will.

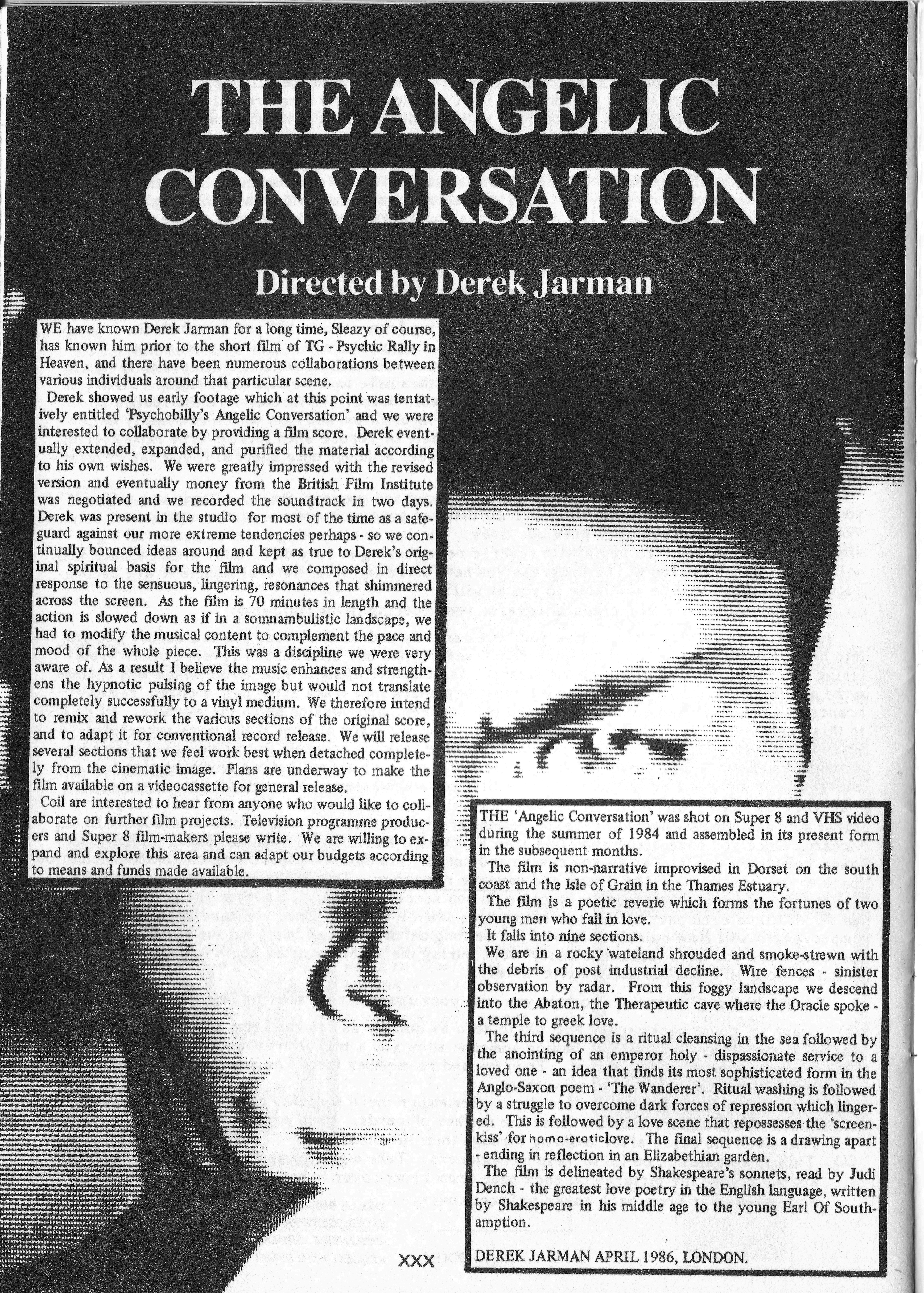
The most successful exercises in reverse remembering is the following:

Just prior to going to sleep close your eyes and try and think of what you did before you got into bed. Make a detailed memory-picture of every action and statement in reverse order from laying your head down to climbing the stairs. As you move along in your mind things will become more and more difficult to remember and most beginners lose track after half a dozen 'rememebrances'. You may find you have dropped off to sleep upon waking up in the morning. PERSIST in this exercise every night reverse remember. The more you attempt it the more successful you will be. It will become easier. Whilst you are training yourself in this you must also keep a notepad and pencil beside your bed. In the morning sit up sharp; before anything else has entered your mind and remember back to whilst you were asleep. You will find to begin with that this is VERY difficult but persistence will prove successful. You will find that your first success comes when you reverse remember a particularly strong emotional sequence in a dream. Once you have dixed upon this then FORWARD REMEMBER from that point. When you have completed this as far as you can go and put all this down on paper, then switch concentration back to the first part of the dream and reverse remember. This is the most difficult task of all for it takes much effort and only by parts do you succeed initially. However the prize you are after is worth it and even part success is stupendous when it occurs! Once you have mastered this part improvement will flow quickly. It will not be long before you can 'map' out the highlights of the psychic work you have 'subconsciously' done during the night and truly begin to benefit from the third of your life you normally waste 'asleep'.

Some "daylight" exercises to help you with your reverse remembering are:

(1) Learn to count backwards from 100 to zero as quickly as you can from zero to 100
(2) Use the old child's game of having someone show you a tray with around 30 small objects thereon, for a limited period. Then try and re-member them. As you get better, have more objects or/and less time to view them.
(3) Take 20 playing cards. Shuffle them. Remember their sequence after looking through them once. As you get better increase the number of cards. When you get really good reverse remember the cards after looking through them the other way.
(4) This is a variation on (3) of help to beginners. Take a glossy magazine. Look at each page and memorise the pictures on each page from front cover to back cover then put the book down and re-member from back cover to front cover.

'DREAM RECALL ARTICLE EXTRAPOLATED FROM AN OCCULT EXCERCISES & PRACTICES SUPPLIED BY THE SORCERERS APPRENTICE. SIMILAR LESSONS ARE GIVEN FREE UPON REQUEST WITH EVERY ORDER PLACED'.



THE ANGELIC CONVERSATION

Directed by Derek Jarman

WE have known Derek Jarman for a long time, Sleazy of course, has known him prior to the short film of TG - Psychic Rally in Heaven, and there have been numerous collaborations between various individuals around that particular scene.

Derek showed us early footage which at this point was tentatively entitled 'Psychobilly's Angelic Conversation' and we were interested to collaborate by providing a film score. Derek eventually extended, expanded, and purified the material according to his own wishes. We were greatly impressed with the revised version and eventually money from the British Film Institute was negotiated and we recorded the soundtrack in two days. Derek was present in the studio for most of the time as a safeguard against our more extreme tendencies perhaps - so we continually bounced ideas around and kept as true to Derek's original spiritual basis for the film and we composed in direct response to the sensuous, lingering, resonances that shimmered across the screen. As the film is 70 minutes in length and the action is slowed down as if in a somnambulistic landscape, we had to modify the musical content to complement the pace and mood of the whole piece. This was a discipline we were very aware of. As a result I believe the music enhances and strengthens the hypnotic pulsing of the image but would not translate completely successfully to a vinyl medium. We therefore intend to remix and rework the various sections of the original score, and to adapt it for conventional record release. We will release several sections that we feel work best when detached completely from the cinematic image. Plans are underway to make the film available on a videocassette for general release.

Coil are interested to hear from anyone who would like to collaborate on further film projects. Television programme producers and Super 8 film-makers please write. We are willing to expand and explore this area and can adapt our budgets according to means and funds made available.

THE 'Angelic Conversation' was shot on Super 8 and VHS video during the summer of 1984 and assembled in its present form in the subsequent months.

The film is non-narrative improvised in Dorset on the south coast and the Isle of Grain in the Thames Estuary.

The film is a poetic reverie which forms the fortunes of two young men who fall in love.

It falls into nine sections.

We are in a rocky wateland shrouded and smoke-strewn with the debris of post industrial decline. Wire fences - sinister observation by radar. From this foggy landscape we descend into the Abaton, the Therapeutic cave where the Oracle spoke - a temple to greek love.

The third sequence is a ritual cleansing in the sea followed by the anointing of an emperor holy - dispassionate service to a loved one - an idea that finds its most sophisticated form in the Anglo-Saxon poem - 'The Wanderer'. Ritual washing is followed by a struggle to overcome dark forces of repression which linger-ed. This is followed by a love scene that repossesses the 'screen-kiss' for homo-eroticlove. The final sequence is a drawing apart - ending in reflection in an Elizabethian garden.

The film is delineated by Shakespeare's sonnets, read by Judi Dench - the greatest love poetry in the English language, written by Shakespeare in his middle age to the young Earl Of Southampton.

DEREK JARMAN APRIL 1986, LONDON.

MUSIC CUE SHEET.

ANGELIC CONVERSATION
PRODUCTION CO BFI
DISTRIBUTOR BFI
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN GB

TYPE OF RECORDING 35mm optical

DUR	TYPE	TITLE	COMPOSER	START TIME
1.19	FEATURED	~~[illegible]~~ ASCENSION	JOHN BALANCE / PETER CHRISTOPHERSON	00.00
0.46		ENOCHIAN CALLING		2.13
11.51		ANGELIC STATIONS		2.59
1.00		FINITE BEES		15.57
7.06		CAVE OF ROSES		16.57
3.09		SUN ASCENSION		24.51
6.05		CARDINAL POINTS		34.55 ~~[illegible]~~
9.53		ESCALATION		46.11
6.15		NEVER		56.04
2.50		ENOCHIAN CALLING II		1.05.50
4.50		MONTECUTE		1.10.00
4.38		SEA INTERLUDES from Peter Grimes ~~[illegible]~~ by Benjamin [Britten] Pub Boosey + Hawkes		29.40

RUNNING ORDER OF MUSIC FOR 'THE ANGELIC CONVERSATION'

THE ANGELIC CONVERSATION

DEREK JARMAN brings to his films a painter's eye, and with it the technical ingenuity by means of which he has devised, out of the marriage of film and video, a whole new palette of visual effects. An example is the characteristic, stroboscopic style of his most recent films – analysing motion into successions of still images not unlike Muybridge or Marey sequence photographs. Jarman has devised the novel technique to attain the effect. The action is first filmed with a stop-motion camera at the rate of around 3 frames per second. The moving image is then reconstituted by projecting it at the same rate, and recording from the screen to video. (It is characteristic of Jarman's practical approach to film problems that he is as delighted by the economy of celluloid the device achieves as by the visual conquest.) In the case of *Angelic Conversation*, the process of successive transfer from Super-8 to low-band video to high-band video and finally to 35mm film obtained the striking textured effect of the images. Jarman's distinctive colour effects are produced by processing black and white images on video. To achieve particular results, he will sometimes deliberately trick and confuse the electronic equipment – for example by substituting a bright green gel for the white card ordinarily required for colour correction.

Angelic Conversation demonstrates Jarman's liking for films that grow organically. The shooting began, he explains, with a series of visual experiments, "filming people I like in places and spaces that I like". The places in this instance were Dancing Ledge on the Dorset coast, and the Isle of Grain in the Thames Estuary. When funds became available from the British Film Institute's Production Board, it gave him the possibility to develop out of this material a project he had long had in mind, a setting for a group of Shakespeare Sonnets.

He admits the temerity of associating new pictures and sound with "fourteen of the greatest love poems ever written...It would be so easy to wreck them by illustration". Instead of illustrating or interpreting, he sets out to provide a mood – or rather a series of moods – for Judi Dench's bright readings. As in *The Tempest* he evokes – from the first shots of a figure watching from the windows of Montacute – an atmosphere which is authentically Shakespearean and essentially English. Here there is no narrative though – only suggestions and allusions as ambivalent as the poems themselves, and extending beyond England and the Elizabethan world. The rocky seashore wasteland evokes a vague archaic universe. The shadowy caverns, to Jarman's own mind, suggest the Abaton, or dreaming room beneath an ancient Greek temple. In the scene of the young man's enthronement and coronation he finds, he says, elements of an Anglo-Saxon poem, *The Wanderer*. Jarman's cultural connaissance ranges widely, but he wears his scholarship gracefully.

At first sight characterised by a system of repetition, "Angelic Conversation" never succumbs to monotony. The repetitions tend in fact to be variations which serve to concentrate the attention and heighten the significance of small gesture: the climactic homo-erotic love scene achieves powerful effect just through chaste and tender touching and twining of hands. More than earlier films, this one demonstrates the meeting of cineaste and painter that gives special character to Jarman's most successful work. Every image is arresting for its compositions, its use of mass and shadow, and of colour that is sometimes so elusive that you are momentarily uncertain whether you see it or not. Jarman paints in light.

David Robinson

A MANIFESTATION OF THE WILL

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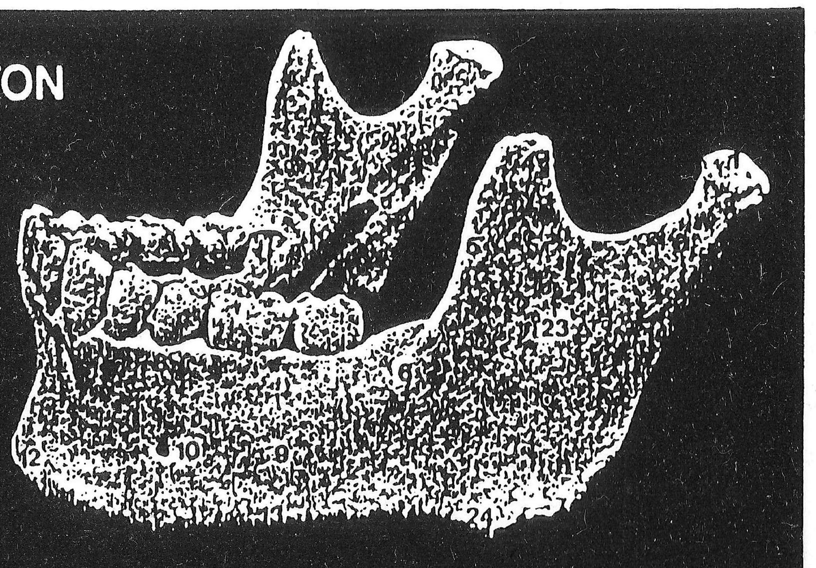
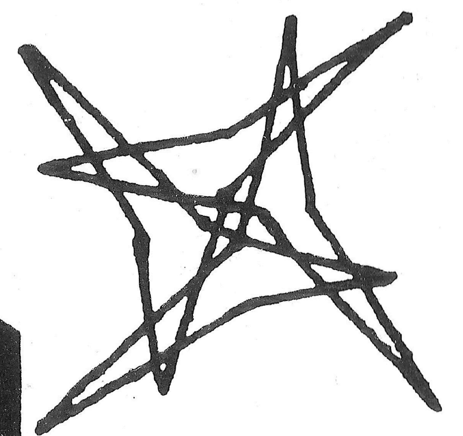


HANG LOOSE WITH COIL!

COIL



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